

The GRAPHIC



SPIRIT OF THE CHILD

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

There's scarlet holly on the streets, and silver mistletoe;
The surging, jewelled, ragged crowds forever come and go.
And here a silken woman laughs---and there a beggar asks---
And O, the faces, tense of lip, like mad and mocking masks.
(Who thinks of Bethlehem today and one bright star above?
(Who sees the humble manger-bed where breathed the Child of Love?)

There's fragrant scent of evergreen upon the chilling air,
There's tinsel'd tawdriness that shows beneath the sunlight's glare;
There Want and Plenty, Greed and Pride---a hundred thousand souls---
And O, the weary eyes of them, like du'l and lifeless coals.
(Who knows the town of Bethlehem once gleamed beneath a star,
(The wondrous light that shepherds saw who watched their sheep afar!)

And yet above the city streets---above the noise and whirr---
There seems to come a vagrant breath of frankincense and myrrh,
I saw a woman, worn and wan and on her face a light---
The look that Mary might have worn that other Christmas night.
(And as the little children passed, and one lad turned and smiled,
(I saw within his wistful eyes the spirit of The Child.)

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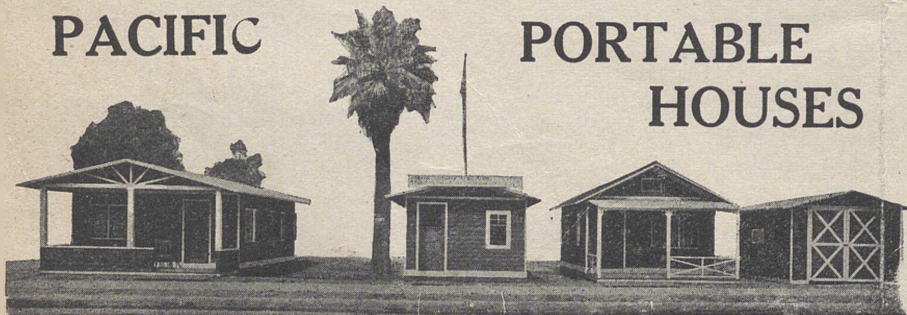
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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MORGAN ENLIGHTENS THE NATION

SITTING at J. Pierpont Morgan's feet, metaphorically, as he responds to the questions put to him by the interlocutor of the house committee's money trust investigation, we are measurably impressed by his insouciance, his tolerance, his tiredness. Millions? What are they to him? Merely mediums of exchange for coal mines, government bonds, railroads, old masters, and such trifles. His private bank has deposits of only \$110,000,000 he testified, but he was interested in other financial institutions that carry much more. Yes, he admitted that his firm had exclusive right of marketing the securities of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads and their allied lines. Also that his house acts for the steel corporation and other corporations, but only through tacit agreement; there are no written contracts.

Thus do we learn how gentlemen of high finance trust one another unquestioningly. It was Morgan & Co. that reorganized the Northern Pacific railroad. It is his concern that acts fiscally for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It was he who passed on the entire board of directors for the steel corporation when it was organized and while he modestly repudiated the intimation that he named them all he did not deny that whoever went on the board did so with his approval and that even now no one is appointed over his protest. Judge Gary owes the chairmanship of the steel corporation's executive committee to the great Morgan. It was he who fixed the prices paid for the various companies forming the corporation at the time of reorganization and—"Who decided that Morgan & Company should be the agents for the steel corporation's securities?" he was asked. "I did," responded the witness simply.

When Morgan & Co. approve a stock issue in any concern the big banks of the country "scramble"—that is the word—for the output, which shares are arbitrarily allotted by their creating sponsor. Asked how much stock he personally owned in the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce—the one that refused to clear for the Knickerbocker Trust and so precipitated the panic of 1907—the great man yawned wearily and replied, "O, I don't know. A million or so." Then he was good enough to relax and join in the polite laugh his admission raised among the "gallery." Questioned as to how many of his stock issues had proved "not highly successful," he again allowed his facial muscles to relax as he admitted "Very few."

He was asked if he were opposed to competition. No. He likes a little of it, but favors cooperation and concentration. He expressed his disbelief in any way whereby one man can gain control of the na-

tion's money. Talk about a money trust! "A man may own all the money in Christendom, but he cannot control it," was his expert testimony, following which was this interesting colloquy:

"But," asked Attorney Undermyer, "If a competitor of the steel corporation wanted to start and you owned all the banks in New York, wouldn't you want to protect the Steel Company? Would he get the money needed?"

"He would," answered Morgan.
"But you have a vast power," began Undermyer.
"No," broke in Morgan, "I haven't vast power. If I have, I don't feel it."

"Haven't you seen instances of men," insisted Undermyer, "gaining great control and having abused it?"

"Only in some lines," answered Morgan. "I am talking of commerce—not of money. Commercial control is possible, but not financial control."

Here we have the last word on the subject of alleged money trusts from the putative "heart" of the financial combination said to dominate the wealth of the country. Commercial control, yes; financial control, no. Why continue these probing sessions? The ipse dixit is spoken. To paraphrase one of Sairey Gamp's notable expressions, "There ain't no sich a thing as a money trust." Morgan says so, and, of course, Morgan knows.

NO "BLUE SKY" LAW WANTED

JUST complaint is made that under the proposed Gates bill, for the control of investment companies in California, development in the state would practically stop. The companies now organized would prosper, but new ones, even if started, would be subject to an irritating delay of from six months to two years before getting permission to do business. Furthermore, it is urged, the big companies, whether good or bad, would be fattened by the backing of the state. As the measure stands the corporation commissioner would be required to pass on the probable success of every corporation organized, which is placing implicit confidence in the judgment of a \$3600 a year official. If he were paid twenty times that salary his presumed sapience and super-intelligence would prove inadequate to meet the requirements.

California certainly has crying need of a good law that shall cure existing evils, but with the experiences of Kansas in the last two years, through the workings of what is known as the "Blue Sky" law, it would seem to be unwise to pattern our proposed statute too closely after that act. In Kansas the delay in getting a permit from the state commissioner has been eight months and longer. The actual effect of the law there has been to aid crooked operators and discourage the establishing of legitimate business. President Black of the State Realty Federation is heartily in favor of a regulating bureau that shall have jurisdiction over existing corporations, with power vested in it through a statute to suppress evil practices and punish wrong doers.

Senator Gates admits that his tentative bill is of doubtful value and he is willing to receive suggestions for its amendment. It seems to us that this is a matter for the State Realty Federation to take under earnest advisement, through a special legislative committee. With the rank failure of the Kansas law retarding development work in that state, and decisive defeat recently of the proposed Oregon law, patterned after the Kansas measure, to force a similar law on California would be followed by evils possibly greater than those now sought to remedy. *Caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware—is a good old rule that is still to be applied. We agree with President Black that the proper function of government is restricted to the suppression of fraudulent concerns and the punishing of malefactors. To appoint a commissioner in whom is vested great arbitrary power, such as the Gates bill contemplates, is to invite seri-

ous trouble. He may be never so wise, his judgment never so good, but he is human and, therefore, prone to err. Not all the wisdom of Solomon is likely to be contained in a \$3600 or even \$5000 a year official. Herein is the chief weakness of the Gates tentative measure.

TALCUM POWDER AND EUGENICS

WITH what fine scorn the average mother will receive the message of that Providence, Rhode Island, woman who is reputed to be the mother of the first eugenic baby. We infer from this that the baby's sire was the result of careful selection, a departure from custom that has heretofore given the heart precedence over the intellect. But what fond mother will agree that a baby is not to be kissed, is not to be bounced up and down, is to have no frills or furbelows and, cruelty of cruelties, no talcum powder!

One shudders at the thought of this interdiction; that is, one who has reared a family and knows the solacing virtues that lie in the soothing application of the chalky substance. Whether this eugenic mother would provide a substitute is not divulged, but we infer not, since she says "let the baby cry!" Of all the cold blooded admonitions to impress on young mothers, eugenically inclined, this is the rawest. Cry, when it is in torture, writhing under smarting wounds that only the merciful talcum powder can assuage! And this Providence mother would deny the little sufferer surcease!

After so heartless an admission who cares for the remainder of her eugenic rules! Of course, she would not have the father of her baby smoke. What's the solace of a cigar when the sedative of talcum powder is withheld? We urge upon our young bachelors the necessity of interrogating eugenically-disposed young women, who are still in a state of indecision as to the fathers of their prospective children, concerning their position in regard to talcum powder. Unless the prospective mother is willing to subscribe to this article of the nursery toilet she should be shunned and denied her choice. After all, the prospective father still has certain rights which no self-respecting eligible can afford to forego. We should draw the line at talcum powder.

HOW TO MEET INCREASED BUDGET

STATE Controller Nye has been wrestling with the problem that we placed before our readers several days ago—that of meeting the increased budget which the numerous demands projected by those in charge of our state institutions and by our legislators will entail. The state controller figures that the treasury will face a deficit of \$1,750,000 at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1914, unless radical changes in corporation tax laws and the revenue resources of the state are made at the coming session of the legislature by which the annual revenues may be increased.

He points out, as we have previously done, that the corporation tax rates are not increasing in proportion to the private rates, and that the natural development of the state is bound to augment the disbursements materially above the receipts now considered normal. Among the changes urged is an increase in motor vehicles fees, the total receipts in this state, it is asserted, being ridiculously small in comparison with the revenues accruing to eastern states where the ownership of automobiles is much more restricted in numbers. On revision of the corporation tax rate, however, is chief reliance placed to meet the added expenditures.

Perhaps, this may be necessary, but if, as is believed, several millions of the increased budget are

sought for building improvements, our suggestion of a bond issue that will be spread over many years is not inept. It is merely the application of a principle that is of common resort with city and county governments and could as well be employed by the state. By so doing corporations would have more time to meet the burdens placed upon them, all of which they must eventually shoulder.

Controller Nye estimates that the annual receipts for the year ending June 30, 1913, deducting bond refunds and railroad disbursement items, will reach \$12,619,099, with expenditures that must be met of \$13,250,000. For the succeeding twelve months, with the same reductions, plus the loss of \$750,000 for uncollectible corporations' license taxes (declared invalid) the total receipts will reach only \$12,469,099 and the expenditures, on a conservative estimate, \$13,570,728. It is this deficit of nearly \$1,750,000 that is worrying Mr. Nye. We imagine it will worry the corporations fully as much.

WHITELAW REID'S PUBLIC SERVICES

CALIFORNIA has a personal interest in the demise of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to the Court of St. James, in that his surviving widow is the daughter of the late D. O. Mills, formerly of San Francisco, one of the country's most successful bankers and financiers, whose death preceded that of his distinguished son-in-law by a little more than two years. Mr. Reid cannot be said to have been a popular representative at the Court of St. James, in the sense that Mr. Choate proved, for instance, his exclusiveness at times subjecting him to rasping criticism for what has been termed his undemocratic spirit and others, less kindly disposed, declared was snobbishness. For a newspaper man Mr. Reid was singularly susceptible to the outward trappings of society which his seven years of official residence in London accentuated.

Still, his country has never had to blush for the conduct of the ambassador to the Court of St. James and while his diplomatic course has not been brilliant it has been at all times safely and sanely conservative. Mr. Reid's diplomacy has been of the Chesterfieldian order rather than of the scintillating Choate or scholarly Lowell type. He was an admirable figure at court functions, having been accredited special ambassador to the Queen Victoria jubilee, member of the Paris Peace Commission, and as special ambassador at the coronation of Edward VII, on all of which occasions he was an ideal representative. Mr. Reid was intellectual and scholarly without being profoundly literary. He succeeded Horace Greeley as editor-in-chief and publisher of the New York Tribune in 1872, retaining control until 1905 when he was appointed by President Roosevelt to the Court of St. James, a position continued by Mr. Taft. The controlling ownership of the Tribune remains with the family, with Ogden Mills Reid as the editor-in-chief.

Aside from public addresses and several monographs on diplomatic subjects the dead ambassador has contributed no magnum opus to literature that compares with the writings of Mr. James Bryce, for example, Great Britain's scholarly representative to this country, now about retiring. In fact, Mr. Reid's literary work has been largely confined to essays, addresses and diplomatic papers, although he found time to write introductions to several important publications, notably an English edition of Talleyrand's Memoirs and to the centenary edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," published in London in 1908. He was an early believer in the great future of the linotype machine and was the first to introduce the innovation, after organizing the Linotype Company, which has proved so successful financially and otherwise.

If, as is rumored, John Hays Hammond is to fill the hiatus at the United States embassy in London until Mr. Wilson appoints a successor, it will be the least Mr. Taft can do for one who has sung his praises at all times under the most discouraging conditions, who contributed liberally to the Taft campaign fund and had the temerity to predict Mr. Taft's re-election when every other man in the country knew his candidacy was hopeless. To repay this de-

votion to a lost cause with a few months of glory in a country that at one time sentenced him to death for conspiring in the famous Jameson raid would fill Our John's cup to overflowing, for John Hays Hammond is a California product, having been born in San Francisco in 1855. His specialty is experting mines. As a banquet diplomatist he is reputed to be without a rival.

OLD CLASSICS FOREVER DIMMED

GEORGIA has been celebrated for many things besides being the place of nativity of the late Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), but it has remained for the eloquent editor of the Cleveland, Ga., Courier to attract to the Cracker state its proper meed of glory. They held an election in Georgia last month. We have forgotten just how large the Democratic majority for Wilson proved to be, but it was enough. In a retrospective vein, our crackerjack contemporary, his mind eased of the conflict, his fancy, perhaps, drifting postofficeward, relieved himself of the following classic:

Notwithstanding the bitter fight the country is all the better by it, and when once the smoke has cleared away, and the din of the battle ceased, and the clash of tongues which filled the air with coarse denunciations has faded to insignificance, then the beautiful calm, that invariably follows the storm, will spread its soft and peaceful wings of love over the land, and the great wheels of commerce will continue to pursue their onward course, and the country will bathe in the magnificent lake of peace and prosperity.

Now, there is a gem of purest ray serene, if you like! We have read and re-read this fluent, flowing Ciceronian sentence, with its breathless burst of eloquence, only partially halted by seven commas, and our admiration is unstinted. Especially are we enamored of that "between-comma" clause which assures the world that "the clash of tongues which filled the air with coarse denunciations has faded to insignificance." Heaven be praised! Not since the clash of tongues at the tower of Babel, when the Lord confounded the language, has justice been done to such confusion, and to the responsible editor of the official paper of White county, Georgia, all glory:

Ho! ye that thirsteth for a verbal treat
Let the above your avid peepers greet:
Milton, Macaulay, Dr. Johnson, Swift
Into the discard evermore must drift.
They had their day, these giants of the past,
But now a greater bids them stand aghast;
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
Before such prowess is a pining child,
And Shakespeare, for a space, the palm must yield
To one who fills a more mellifluous field.
Bacon, Ben Jonson, Addison and Steele—
How would this modern cause their brains to reel!
Mere tyros they whose 'prentice hands ne'er wrote
One paragraph compared to that we quote.
Stern had his triumphs, petty now they seem,
And Sydney Smith's bon mots shed not a gleam.
Pall, pall, in fact, the standards once revered,
A mightier altar hath this Georgian reared.
Even the poets of an age remote,
On whose iambs we were wont to dote,
Now dully pace their clodhopperian way,
Or in the limbo of oblivion stay.
Plautus and Terence, Juvenal and Pliny
Tame now appear and intellectually "finny;"
In short, the fancy roves afar in vain
To find fit rival of our Southern swain,
All, all must hear the verdict of their doom
And hide themselves to give this Georgian room.

INEXORABLE LOGIC OF POLL TAX EXCISION

WITH the state facing a deficit in excess of one million dollars what folly to talk about the abolition of the poll tax which annually nets the treasury between six and seven hundred thousand dollars. Abolish this tax and to meet it the men and women already paying their proportion must make it up while the individuals who share in the burden of government in no other way will escape entirely. Perhaps, this is the sort of justice a certain class of reformers deems equitable, but we cannot view it as such; rather, it is pernicious injustice, to our notion.

Yet one or two county assessors in attendance at the state gathering held in Los Angeles recently essayed to denounce the poll tax and urge its abolishment. That the protestants were in a meek minority it was gratifying to note. We decline to grow lach-

rymose at the sad tale of laboring men being arbitrarily deprived of their full wages because of the poll tax deduction. Of course, it is a fearful imposition and a shame, but who is there among us that finds the paying of any kind of taxes a cheerful ceremony? We are willing to receive all the benefits dispensed by a paternal government, but pay for them, hang it, no!

California has many thousands of Orientals who earn a comfortable living by reason of their advent among us. Abolish the poll tax and we remove the only method by which these frugal aliens can be made to contribute to the support of our state institutions. Moreover, the shiftless whites in similar manner would effect a transfer of their sole burden to the shoulders of the thrifty, a most unfair penalization. For, it is patent, that the state income if curtailed in one direction must be retrieved in another. And the man with a small home, who has slaved and sacrificed to attain it, will find that if he votes to relieve the "laboring man" of the poll tax, he, of the "affluent rich," will have to make good the deficiency so created.

HYSTERIA THAT REQUIRES MUZZLING

OREGON'S governor is reaping what he has sowed. Because of his repeated interferences with the law murderers have gone unwhipped of justice in the state penitentiary at Salem. At the recent election Oregonians wisely refused to abolish capital punishment which drew from the state executive the vow that he would make hangings so unpopular the people would repent their action. To this end he has devoted his misdirected energies, blatantly heralding his disbeliefs in the potency of the law and by his conduct inspiring the weak-minded and maudlin sentimentalists to a display of wasted zeal for a dubious cause.

Juries and judges may be safely trusted to deal leniently with homicides having remote claim to consideration. They hear all the testimony, sift the evidence carefully and decide accordingly, leaning ever to mercy's side and giving the criminal the benefit of every doubt. Rarely does a convicted man go to the gallows who does not richly deserve his fate. It is drastic punishment, but only by such means can human life be held sacred. The first duty of the social body is to enforce the laws, in respect for them is to be maintained. Governor West, like our own executive, inclined his ear to a few sentimentalists and ignored his plain duty. No matter what his predilections were nor how painful to his feelings it was to obey the constitution, he had taken oath to uphold the laws and should have done so. With the mandate of the people, uttered November 5, resting upon him he is compelled at this late date to desist from placing himself above the statutes.

It was our own John Trumbull who declared that—

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,

which explains why many protestants are now fulminating against the horrors of the death chamber and what they are pleased to term "legal butchery." As to the brutal crimes committed calling for the stern reprisal of the law they have little to say. For the mothers and wives and sweethearts—save the mark—pistoled or stabbed or pummelled into merciful oblivion not a voice is raised. Up in San Francisco a band of hysterical men and women held an all-night, open-air session to protest against the hangings at Salem, in the border state. It was the law they denounced, not the criminals sentenced to pay the penalty provided for their awful deeds. The law is impersonal. It is for the protection of all like. The futility of decrying its mandates did not seem to occur to this motley assemblage which was merely indulging in an emotional debauch as impotent as it was ridiculous.

We deny that the law is vicious or that society is not protected by the encircling rope hanging ever as a menace above the head and neck of those harboring murderous thoughts. Remove this insurance against crime and you open wide the door to all forms of treacherous conduct whose final act is so

often repelled by haunting fear. Fear of what? Reprisal in kind! The law says a life for a life and society is measurably protected so long as that law is enforced. Even the homicidal insane are rational on that point. They dread the menacing result and are deterred in many instances by the law's pledge. What brought Becker to book? What induced the informants to reveal the truth that has drawn the four co-conspirators guilty of Rosenthal's death within touch of the electric chair and so helped to rid New York of an infamous graft? What caused the murderous McNamaras to confess? Fear! fear of the law. Remove the incentive to fear and you demolish a bulwark of safety that society never can replace. Prompt trial, speedy conviction, stern and swift punishment—that is the only way to discourage capital crimes.

FORAKER REFLECTS PUBLIC OPINION

WHEN William Randolph Hearst opens his lips, let no dog bark. Yet here is former Senator Foraker of Ohio complaining that the New York publisher—with California and other reflex organs—has not played fair with him; that the fifty thousand dollars he borrowed from Archbold was returned, as another facsimile Standard Oil letter in Hearst's possession evidenced, publication of which the holder had suppressed. Ohio's retired senator denies that he ever acted as lobbyist for the Standard Oil Company. The money he borrowed from Archbold was to assist a friend in purchasing a newspaper, he avers. The deal fell through and the loan was refunded. His request for the accommodation is defended on the score that he was once employed by Archbold as special counsel.

Doubtless, this is true, but publicity of the facts proved disastrous to Foraker's political career and his state recalled him. Foraker voices, however, what everybody is thinking today who read Hearst's testimony, given to the senate campaign investigating committee Tuesday. The Ohioan characterizes as "preposterous" the statement made by Hearst under oath, that he had no knowledge how the photographic copies of the Archbold letters were obtained, which his agents procured from a person named Eddy, now in London. Also, it is equally ridiculous, we might add, for Mr. Hearst to pretend to say his paper nor himself paid one dollar for the stolen correspondence. To declare that it was a voluntary offering, in aid of the Independence League—a Hearst political organization—is to tax the credulity of the public beyond the reasonable limit.

As a matter of fact Hearst and his unfortunate agents were well aware of the reprehensible methods employed in purloining the letters and in buying the right to reproduce them the publisher became an accessory after the fact. Whatever he paid the agent for the letter-lifters was in the nature of a premium on dishonesty. We are justified in believing that no other newspaper publisher in the country would have stooped to such practice. The Hearst standards certainly are not representative of the ethics of the fraternity.

LITERARY VALUES IN BIBLE READING

WHOLLY apart from the ethical interest aroused by the statement that King George of England reads a chapter in the Bible every day is the thought of the literary riches that are his in this daily reading. The promise made his mother, thirty-two years ago, he has faithfully, one may say, religiously kept and with what profitable results. We have always deplored the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools. Not because the agnostics who pay taxes are outraged by its presence, but for the loss sustained by the youthful students who are thus debarred a course of reading in a work to which many picturesque writers have contributed of their best.

Poise of mind is assured to one who reads the Bible regularly. The vanity of things ephemeral is borne in upon the constant student of the old and new testaments and what a richness of language, what imaginative powers, what thrilling stories, what charming songs! We venture to assert that the vo-

cabulary of the Biblical student is enriched a hundred fold as compared with the one who never has known the wonderful linguistic wealth contained in the good Book. It may be unfashionable to read the Bible, it may be regarded as an evidence of mental weakness, but it carries its own reward to the man or woman who is satiated with the puerilities of much of the modern output and turns with relief to the highest standard of literature extant.

We shall have greater respect for the reigning King of England henceforward. If he has been a daily student of the Bible for thirty-two years think of the literary riches he has acquired, that never can be taken from him! With an intimate knowledge of the contents of its histories, its chronicles, its poems, together with a similar acquaintanceship with Shakespeare, the mind is equipped far above that of others having had no intimacy with these two masterpieces of literature, yet familiar with all other printed books. The best way to get the true worth of the Bible is to acquire the habit of reading it when young and usually it is at mother's knee the taste is inculcated. Scores of our really great men have told of this heritage and how they have congratulated themselves upon the fact. He who would write good English, should go to the Bible for daily instruction. Incidentally, it will impart much else if approached in the right spirit, but this is a reminder of its literary values only.

"OBEY" IN THE WEDDING CEREMONY

PROSPECTIVE benedicts need not be unduly perturbed by the telegraphed reports of a wedding at San Bernardino where the young woman insisted that the mandate "obey" be omitted from the marriage ceremony. Feminine logic is delightfully meandering in its application and the best, the most conscientious of wives can justify a departure from the path of strict deference to a husband's code of precepts if the occasion warrants, she being the judge and jury. Who can question the truth contained in this quatrain:

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

This conclusion, we dare affirm, was reached by no tyro in marriage, but by a veteran of experience. Ninety per cent or more of the divorce proceedings that owe their initiative to alleged "incompatibility of temper" really originate in the foolish attempt to thrust the man's point of view on the woman. "Do this way, my way," exclaims the stupid husband in a tirade of wrathful words. Of course, there is rebellion and the breach thus begun widens until the chasm of divorce is reached. Tactfulness and just a little gentle suasion, an apparent yielding to the wife, in nine cases in ten will bring her to his view providing it is not wholly unreasonable. It is a wise husband who knows enough not to argue his point. He must not yield too readily, however, but gracefully seem to concede and, next day, lo, his light will have become her vision.

Let no young benedict, then, be dismayed by the elimination of the promise to obey from the wedding ceremony, at the insistent request of the bride. It is merely the outward reflex of the independent spirit of the age, which California has particularly approved. It is always more honored in the breach than in the observance. Deny a woman—or a man—anything, and immediately, she is in revolt. Oppose her will and she is furious. This is how not to do it. To quote another wise old philosopher:

He is a fool who thinks by force and skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

Don't attempt it! Cheerfully acquiescence in the "obey" excision from the marital covenant. It is empty sound, at best. The suasion of love will impel a true woman to any sacrifice. But try her not by extremes of selfishness; that way is destruction. When St. Paul enjoined wives to obey husbands he did not impose a continual state of mental servitude; he was too wise for that. Besides, woman's status has advanced measurably since Saul of Tarsus saw the error of his ways. Today, doubtless, his injunc-

tion would be, "Wives, be kind to your husband's intolerances, they will (probably) diminish with age."

PRIZES IN BOOKS FOR JUVENILES

HOW many boys know that the prolific author of the James Otis series of juvenile stories whose "Castaways," "Minute Boys of Mohawk Valley," "Cruise of the Phoebe" and "Stowaways" are among his most popular books, died recently in Portland, Maine, in his sixty-fourth year? His full name was James Otis Kaler and since 1877, when his first story, "Toby Tyler," was accepted by Harper Bros., has written 146 books. Mr. Kaler was born at Winterport, Me., and went to work on the Boston Journal when he was seventeen. Later, he gravitated to New York. After serving as correspondent for the Sun and in other staff positions he joined the editorial force of Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls and first attracted attention by writing the "Perkins Letters." After "Toby Tyler" appeared he dropped newspaper work to devote himself exclusively to the writing of "juveniles," eventually becoming one of the most popular authors of books for the young.

Mr. Kaler remained a bachelor until he was fifty due, perhaps, to his intense love for the open. He lived from May until November in the Maine woods, his home a tent which he "struck" and moved on as the nomadic impulse seized him. Two packmules, his saddle horse, his dogs and his gun comprised his entourage for years, until a wife was added. The Otis books may be said to have succeeded the Oliver Optic series, latterly taboo in certain public libraries for their banalities. They have more claim to library excellence than the Adams' juvenilia, as might be expected of an author who had served his apprenticeship in daily journalism.

Publishers tell us that they have constant difficulty in meeting the demand for entertaining stories for boys and girls ranging in age from ten to sixteen years. The author who develops a talent for supplying this want is assured of life-long occupation at a remunerative return. Four books a year, which should not occupy more than six months in the making, ought to net the writer a comfortable income, leaving the remaining six months for travel and observation, or leisure and a restocking of ideas for the ensuing output. California offers a field as yet unexploited for juvenile material. A Young Spaniard With the Padres series ought to furnish a dozen books of thrilling adventure and yet of a wholesome nature, with the proper historical background to please the parents. Who is for filling the gap? The suggestion is gratis.

GRAPHITES

"What is the gallery grinning at?" asked Morgan, on parade;
"At your replies, your ways so wise," the committee sergeant said.
"Why does the probing board adjourn?" asked Morgan, looking bored;
"There's nothing left for it to do. You have the members floored."

Escorted by a guard of honor the body of the late Ambassador Reid is to be conveyed aboard a first-class British cruiser and taken to New York. Great Britain never did a more graceful act in thus honoring the dead representative of the United States. Congress should hasten to show appreciation by rescinding the toll discrimination clause in the canal bill that so dishonors this country.

Uncle Sam is invited to contribute two million dollars to the Panama-Pacific exposition for suitable buildings, the installation of a government exhibit and providing for running expenses. Mr. Taft recommends it and Senator Perkins has introduced the necessary resolution which should be promptly approved.

With the testimony in the dynamiters' trial all in the arguments by the opposing counsel follow. The prosecution is having its inning now and a remarkably strong case is presented for the United States. Contrast the celerity with which this celebrated trial has been conducted in the federal court with the execrable delays that mark the progress of far less important cases in our state courts.

Warrenton, Oregon, has a woman mayor-elect, the first in the state. There is hope for Los Angeles yet.

Charles Rann Kennedy, Dramatic Preacher---By Randolph Bartlett

(TWENTY-FOURTH OF A SERIES ON MODERN DRAMA)

WHEN Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," was produced four years ago, he was hailed as the first of a new school of dramatists, and for himself it was predicted that he would accomplish great things. So far neither of these expectations has been fulfilled. "The Servant in the House" remains an isolated incident in the development of the drama, and Mr. Kennedy's later works, "The Winterfeast" and "The Terrible Meek," have not been received by the public with the same interest as his first play. This is neither because Mr. Kennedy has gone backward in his work nor because he is unworthy of a high place in the roster of the dramatists, but simply in the excess of enthusiasm in the greeting of a novelty his admirers lost sight of one or two important facts. There has not been any series of plays which could be recognized as influenced to any appreciable degree by "The Servant in the House." Possible exceptions are Jerome K. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," but in both of these instances the vital principle of Mr. Kennedy's great play was abandoned.

This principle is the construction of a play around an idea, by removing all semblance of plot and simply taking a segment from the circle of life. Thus in "The Servant in the House," Manson (a somewhat obvious variation of "The Son of Man"), as the apostle of brotherly love, brings into a troubled family his gentle philosophy, and because the idea was beautiful and the treatment original, the play was more or less of a success. But when Mr. Jerome's play was staged, the interest was sustained, not by the personality of The Stranger, whose philosophy was much the same as that of Manson, but by the introduction of a great variety of interesting secondary characters. When Frances Hodgson Burnett's Christian Science novelette came to be dramatized, it seemed necessary to add to it a new set of incidents which ruined the unity of the piece entirely and sent the audience home almost ignorant of the fact that it had been listening to a sermon on optimism.

So, also, when Mr. Kennedy wrote "The Winterfeast," he seems to have realized the impossibility of repeating his former achievement. His theme was the destructive power of a lie. Destructive motives are inherently more dramatic than constructive ones, and demand more active themes. It is when strong forces meet and in the clash one must fall, that the great drama is achieved. Mr. Kennedy's sole mistake was in the selection of the period for his action. It is impossible to state plainly an ethical idea designed for modern consumption in terms of ancient life. So, while one follows with interest the process of annihilation set in motion by the lie, it is all entirely objective and impersonal. It is easy to understand that audiences, failing to modernize the ethics of the piece, would find it gloomy and dismal, and so it failed. Yet, as literature it is worthy of study, representing a distinct phase in the development of the modern drama.

Valbrand, the poet, son of the Viking Thorkel, and Bjorn, the warrior, his foster-son, so the tale goes, are both in love with Herdisa. She loves Bjorn, but he is silent out of regard for Valbrand. Thorkel and Bjorn start away on an expedition to Vineland, but at a feast before the departure Herdisa openly pledges her love to Bjorn of her own accord. Thorkel abandons Bjorn in Vineland, returns, and mendaciously says that the warrior has sent to Herdisa a message of a single word, "Unasked." Stung by the taunt, she marries Valbrand, who is no party to the deception. The play opens twenty years later at the time of the Winterfeast, when Swanhild, the daughter of Herdisa and Valbrand, is preparing to woo the old superstition that on this night maidens are given prophetic visions of their lovers that are to be. At this point Bjorn returns to Thorkel's home, Valbrand having just learned the truth through an unscrupulous, trouble-breeding priest, Ufeig. Herdisa taunts Bjorn with his faithlessness, and the following scene ensues:

BJORN. I have loved none other woman in the world, but only thee, in all my life!

HERDISA. Lie upon lie! Why didst thou stand dumb when I spake my life before the folk?

BJORN. I am no skald. My love for thee wrought dumbness.

HERDISA. Yet lies! What love for me that day upon the shores of Vineland, when Thorkel left thee?

BJORN. 'Twas then I loved thee most of all!

HERDISA. Lies! Lies! Lies! They thicken

in the air about us! Wilt thou say next that thou wert dumb for love that day?

BJORN. Not so; I bade old Thorkel bear thee one poor word of comfort from me then.

HERDISA. Ha! 'Tis of that word I would have thee speak!

BJORN. How shall I, and thou my brother's wife?

HERDISA. I wed him not till Thorkel spake thy message!

BJORN (Dazedly). My message . . .

HERDISA. Thy message! Ha! The echo had scarce died away from Thorkel's lips ere I pledged me to thy foster-brother!

BJORN. How hadst thou heart?

HERDISA. As thou hadst heart to send thy message!

BJORN. Herdisa, art thou mad, or hath my message . . . (He pauses with a sudden thought.) Say, what was it? Hast thou remembered?

HERDISA. Ay.

BJORN. Give it shape that I may know it once again.

HERDISA. 'Twas brief; 'twas bitter. I have not forgotten. 'Twas but one word came back to me from Vineland.

BJORN. And that?

HERDISA. Unasked! (There is a long silence. Then Bjorn speaks with an awful slowness.)

BJORN. So! That one word hath broken both our lives.

HERDISA. It hath mended Valbrand's.

BJORN (Pursuing his own thought). 'Twas a little word to do so great a deed!

HERDISA. Valbrand hath help it, somewhat.

BJORN (With bitter irony). What, my foster-brother! Nay, then, 'tis yet too little, standing thus alone, with none but him to help it! It may not breed, alone, with none but him to help it! Methinks it clamors aloud for yet one other word to match it! (They have both arisen.)

HERDISA. Bjorn Asmundsson!

BJORN (Thundering). Harken to me!

HERDISA. I will not hearken to thee! What wilt thou dare to say?

BJORN. To tell thee first the lie within thy heart. (Valbrand has entered unperceived.) What love hath thine been for my foster-brother? Hath he been Bjorn to thee? What is thy child—his bastard? 'Twas I to whom thou pledgedst thyself! Thy love is mine—mine! Not his! That slave hath shamed thee!

HERDISA (Seeing Valbrand). Valbrand! Dost thou hear?

BJORN (Turning). Ha! Is it thou?

VALBRAND (Hoarsely). What hath she been told?

BJORN (Going up above him). Not all, yet, Valbrand; not—what is in thy mind! Ah! Well, I leave that thee to tell, an thou be man enow! I have but one word for thee, foster-brother: 'tis my message to thy soul, one word—unloved!

Then the tragedy begins in earnest. Herdisa, still in ignorance of the original lie, sends Valbrand out to kill Bjorn. In a lull in the play Olaf, son of Bjorn, who has become separated from his father, enters, and a pretty love scene with Swanhild culminates in the plighting of their troth. Herdisa, through a natural mistake made by a messenger, believes that Bjorn has killed Valbrand, and orders Olaf, as the price of Swanhild's hand, to kill his own father. Torn between love for his father and for his sweetheart, Olaf commits suicide. Herdisa recognizes the ring Olaf has given Swanhild as the one she gave Bjorn twenty years before, and dies of a broken heart. Valbrand realizes that through the wrong he did through his father's lie he has ruined the life of his child, and rushes out to drown himself in the fjord. Only old Thorkel, the creator of the lie, and Swanhild, its most innocent victim, remain. The ruin is complete.

Ufeig, the priest, is one of the most interesting characters in the play, although his connection is rather subsidiary. The construction is masterly, following the same plan as "The Servant in the House," the action on the stage corresponding almost exactly with the actual duration of time, and being divided only by "punctuating" curtains instead of by entr'acte waits.

Altogether, the play is too violent. The principle involved is forgotten in the clash of arms and flow of blood. The point is that the better sort of drama today has come to mean, first of all, realism. The dramatist may be as allegorical, or as symbolic, or as didactic as he pleases, but the moment his idea ceases to lend itself to expression in terms of life here and now, it loses its force as a dramatic asset. It is not inconceivable to picture this theme of "The Winterfeast" transposed into modern terms, when its denouement would have been less violent, though none the less tragic, and the proposition the author is trying to demonstrate would be much clearer. As it is, the idea

is subordinated to the story, and the story does not attract. This, of course, is purely a view from the dramatic viewpoint. As a contribution to the list of printed plays it is interesting both as a story and a study.

Moreover, in its relation to the modern dramatic movement it is not without its significance. Mr. Kennedy has swung back to the opposite extreme from his former position. If he will now restore the balance between too little action and action too violent and remote, he will at last be ripe for the production of a masterpiece. His technique is superb. "The Winterfeast" has no long, wordy speeches, no rehearsals of former incidents, although past history forms an important part of the story, but is suggested in concise allusions rather than in the customary exchanges of confidences on the part of servants such as the lesser writers of plays employ to cut across lots.

"The Terrible Meek" is Mr. Kennedy's latest work. It is a scene following the Crucifixion, between the mother of Jesus, a captain and a soldier, transposed into the language that would be employed by a British officer, a Tommy Atkins and a woman of the middle class of any country. It all takes place upon a dark stage, no figures being visible until the last moment, when the three crosses and the men and the woman are revealed dimly. This stage arrangement would seem to indicate that Mr. Kennedy did not desire it known until the close of the play that he was dealing with the Golgotha tragedy, and wished to show that the march of empire makes machines of men, makes them murderers at the beck of a superior without reason on their part, makes them kill men against whom they may have held no grievance, if not indeed regarding them with something akin to affection. He seems to condemn utterly the principle of duty as it involves tacit and unquestioning obedience to officers, and thus he attacks all militarism and standing armies; in fact, if his idea is to be followed to its logical conclusion, it attacks the basis of all administration of law, and so assails the law itself. To bring such an idea out of the Crucifixion is original, to say the least.

The brief drama, in one act, begins with a discussion between the captain and the soldier regarding the offense of which the man they have executed was convicted. The captain makes it clear that while there was no specific offense charged, further than what the soldier described as "langwidge," everyone, from the complaining witness to themselves, was bound by duty to act as he had acted, despite his own personal views. The soldier is rather bewildered at such words from his superior officer:

SOLDIER. I can't see wot you're drivin' at, sir. You wouldn't 'ave a man go agen 'is duty, would you?

CAPTAIN. I'm trying to make up my mind. I don't know. I'm blind. I don't think I know what duty is.

SOLDIER. It's perfectly plain, sir. Arter all, duty is duty, ain't it?

CAPTAIN. Yes, it doesn't seem to be very much else.

SOLDIER. 'Ow do you mean, sir?

CAPTAIN. Well, for instance, it doesn't seem to be love or neighborliness or pity or understanding or anything that comes out hot and fierce from the heart of a man. Duty! Duty! We talk of duty! What sort of devil's duties are there in the world, do you think, when they lead blindly, wantonly, wickedly, to the murder of such a man as this!

SOLDIER. Well, far as I'm concerned, I on'y obeyed my orders.

CAPTAIN. Orders! Obeyed orders!

SOLDIER. Well, sir, it was you as give them to me.

CAPTAIN. Good God, man, why didn't you strike me in the blasphemous teeth the hour I gave them?

SOLDIER. Me, sir? Strike my superior officer!

CAPTAIN. You struck this defenseless man. You had no scruples about his superiority. You struck him to the death.

SOLDIER (Hotly). I on'y did my duty!

CAPTAIN. We have murdered our brother. We have destroyed a woman's child.

SOLDIER. I on'y obeyed my orders. When my superior officer says, Kill a man, why, I just kill 'im, that's orl. O course I kill 'im. Wot's a soldier for? That's duty! (With sudden lust.) Blood an' 'ell! I'd kill 'im as soon as look at 'im, yes, I would, if 'e was Gawd aht of 'Eaven, 'Imself! . . . Not as I 'ave anything personal agen this pore devil. On'y I do know my duty.

Finally the captain becomes imbued with a feeling that the victim of their sense of duty is immortal. The mourning mother has a long soliloquy in which she rehearses the life of Christ in everyday

terms, after which the captain tells her of his newly awakened belief, that "this dead son of yours, disfigured, shamed, spat upon, has built a kingdom this day that can never die. . . . The meek, the terrible meek, the fierce, agonizing meek, are about to enter into their inheritance." So the captain sends a message of insubordination to his general, and light breaks upon the scene as the curtain descends. It is a new interpretation of the text, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," and it is an original view of the Crucifixion, but with all its force and solemnity its philosophy is superficial. Because a judge errs in condemning a man to death, Mr. Kennedy would make the servants of the law the equals of the judge. He would do away with prisons and penal codes, and throw the weak and innocent upon the mercy of the rapacious, and thus substitute for the judge, who may err occasionally, a predatory class whose existence would be a perpetual force for injustice. This is pure anarchy.

Mr. Kennedy may not have meant all this, but it is never difficult to discern in the drama the part which the author has designed to reflect his own ideas. The old plea of the writer that he merely places his characters before the public, and allows them to speak as they will, or as they naturally would, cannot relieve their creator of the responsibility. The captain is the voice of authority in "The Terrible Meek," and it is his theory that the whole system of duty is wrong, that pervades the drama. The bit is bizarre, and many will find it touched with sacrilege. It is impressive in conception, and interesting as a unique dramatic study, but lacking in permanent value.

"The Winterfeast" and "The Terrible Meek"—separate volumes. By Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Bros.)

(Next Week—"Yankee Fantasies," by Percy Mackaye.)

FAULTS IN BATAILLE'S "LES FLAMBEAUX"

RECENTLY, a new play was given at the Theater de la Porte-Saint-Martin by the famous, perhaps, I may say, the most famous French playwright, Henry Bataille, under the title of "Les Flambeaux" which may be literally translated "The Torches." As to what this name means in its present use as the title of a drama, the best of French dictionaries, Larousse, explains that it is used figuratively to denote the light of thought, genius or science.

I have often, myself, wondered just what greatness means in regard to the theater, and I have often enough expressed my doubts as to the greatness of any man who simply writes successful plays,—like Henry Bataille. I find it most curious to talk about him or his plays as being philosophical or psychological. I do not find that the study of human actions in any particular crisis is either the one or the other unless the characters are painted on broad lines intended to represent not the individual but the class. In the play now before us we have representatives of one of the smallest of all classes, the truly impassioned scientific investigator, and of a still smaller class, his wife who helps him in his work. But perhaps I should tell the story first and speak about it afterward. I will begin, however, by saying two things that it seems necessary to repeat with a good deal of insistence; first, this play is an absolute success and what I have to say about it is in no way a criticism of its qualities as a stage work; second, it makes no difference what any critic says since art must and should depend upon the patronage of the public and we have not yet reached a time when the public will deny itself a pleasure by staying away from a good play because it is not truly elevating or enlightening, or will punish itself by going to a bad play because it is both of these things. So let the critics (including your humble) do their worst and hope for better times when the public becomes emancipated.

* * *

Here is the story: At the rising of the curtain we are in the Claude Bernard Institute which is directed by the great scientist Bouguet whose wife assists him in his work of scientific investigation. They are also assisted by a young doctor, Blondel, and by a young girl, Edwige. Bouguet has just made a great discovery when a bomb is thrown into the camp by his daughter Marcelle who tells her mother that the report has spread among the students that Edwige is the mistress of the great Dr. Bouguet. Mme. Bouguet at first believes that her daughter must be mistaken, but she gradually becomes convinced of the truth and it is suggested that the matter may be arranged by Edwige becoming the wife of young Dr. Blondel who loves her, knowing nothing of these stories and having no suspicion of her guilt.

There is an explanation between Dr. Bouguet and his wife, but he will acknowledge nothing. At first he rebels against the idea that Edwige should marry Dr. Blondel, but, finally, seeing no other means of

obtaining peace, he consents and even goes to the length of trying to forward the union. Meantime, however, Blondel has heard the name of Edwige connected with that of Dr. Bouguet and when Dr. Bouguet presses him to accept the hand of Edwige he finally confesses his belief in the guilt of the two and gives this as his reason for not wishing to marry Edwige although he loves her. At this Dr. Bouguet denies that this woman has ever been his mistress and Blondel is almost overcome with delight at the knowledge that now, indeed, he can wed the woman he loves. Dr. Bouguet, suddenly realizing what importance Blondel attaches to the purity of the girl, is, seemingly, about to confess the truth, when he is prevented by students who rush in to announce that he has been awarded the Nobel Prize.

It will be seen that this act is full of emotion. The second act is even more so. Edwige has become the wife of Dr. Blondel but she looks upon this marriage for the sake of stupid human prejudices as useless and irksome. She disregards it and longs to continue her life with the man she loves, Dr. Bouguet. Nor can Dr. Bouguet resist the temptation of this love in spite of the fact that this woman is now the wife of his best friend. We are made to feel all these things and are finally brought face to face with the brutal truth. Dr. Bouguet and Edwige are found together by Blondel and Mme. Bouguet in a summer house. There are violent explanations and Blondel, by way of revenge, destroys the most valuable of Dr. Bouguet's manuscripts. The next act is the natural culmination. We hear that there has been a duel, that Dr. Bouguet has been mortally wounded by Blondel. And we assist at the death scene where the love of science finally overcomes these brutal passions, where Blondel and Mme. Bouguet forgive the dying man and agree to carry on his work.

* * *

It is curious how stupid and empty this play becomes in the telling. On the stage it makes a tremendous impression. Technically, it is as perfect as anything which has come from the pen of this dramatist, and we do not feel its inconsistencies until we come to think it over quietly. But gradually, it seems to me, we come to realize how utterly stupid is this idealization of science, scientific investigation and the scientist. It is utterly absurd to make a "class" of these people, to set them apart from the rest of mankind, to impute to them different natures and different passions. It is in the same line as the excuse we always find for the morals of great artists; in the same line as our quiet acceptance of people of doubtful morality or notorious immorality into our houses because they are "great" in their line, be it art or science,—and the two, believe me, are not far removed.

Personally, it seems to me that this play is lacking insofar as it deals with a certain restricted class of people. Is it intended to show that the scientist is, after all, no better than other people? If so it tells us something we knew already. Is it intended to prove that we should forgive everything to a great investigator because he is a particularly useful citizen? In this case we cannot but agree. We feel that Blondel has made himself utterly despicable in taking from the world a man whose general utility to mankind should certainly outweigh these little private passions and hates. We find that Blondel sets his own mental suffering above the terrible physical suffering of thousands of the ill and dying. Either this, or he, being on the inside, has no real faith in the great usefulness of Dr. Bouguet, or of his own great usefulness, for that matter, and permits himself to feel and act just like any ordinary man.

As for this, it is doubtful indeed if any man is doing such original work that actually no man will ever be able to do exactly the same if he is cut off before his work is completed. I have always been exceedingly skeptical about these things. Priority in the matter of discoveries is, after all, just priority. So many people are working constantly along the same lines that, sooner or later, the same discovery would be made by some one else. It often enough happens that similar discoveries are made in different countries at the same time. And as for the great advances brought about by any one man in art and music, that, also, is a doubtful point. It is sure that impressionistic art was not the invention of any one man, but the natural evolution of art, as inevitable as all evolution.

* * *

This idea, certainly the central idea of this play, that Science with a big S should be a sort of guiding star leading men away from all brutal passions, is awfully, awfully silly. It sounds very nice and pleasant, like a sort of modern fairy-tale, but it will not bear the light of day. The more we examine it the more absurd it seems, especially in the light of what we know of the lives and manners of great scientists in general. Not that I would suggest that great men are any worse than other men. No. But they are also no better. Also, they have greater temptations. Women have a peculiar, worshipful feeling towards them, and idealize them in a way

that is dangerous for all concerned. The more one gets to know these "great" people (and I have known many of them), the more you feel that they are in a hard position. They are, in the first place, just plain humans like the rest of us. They are, on the other hand, simply worshipped by certain people. This adulation at times disgusts them, often embarrasses them, and always turns their heads. And finally, to finish them off, they are constantly in the limelight, with newspaper reporters, moving picture machines, and scandalmongers not far off and always on the watch.

Yet many of these great men, be they scientists or artists, are of quite ordinary mentality. This sounds like a queer statement, but it is certainly true. The scientist like the artist is, in the strictest meaning of the word, unbalanced. That is to say, his mind leans strongly in one direction. One side is strong, the other weak. For general commonsense the ordinary man of business will always be found superior to the artist or scientist. Also, this leaning toward a certain subject, this constant mental and nervous strain, generally leads to a corresponding blemish in the controlling standards of human conduct. There is hardly any word too harsh for the conduct of Dr. Bouguet in this play. It may be that science is a "torch" or "beacon" to lead men above and beyond human passions and weaknesses, but it does not lead Dr. Bouguet to act even as any normal, ordinary gentleman would act. We cannot imagine any even halfway decent man lying to his best friend, as Bouguet does to Blondel, about the innocence and purity of the girl this friend intends to marry. But Bouguet goes even further, he not only lies to his friend, but he even presses the suit.

The unbalance is evident enough is it not? He may be a big scientist, but he is a mighty small man. And if that is all the value of this "beacon" of science as a guide to higher things, it is a poor beacon indeed and might just as well be put out. As for the twaddle of Blondel and Mme. Bouguet forgiving the repentant moribund, that is,—well, it is just twaddle as I have already named it, and sickly sentimental, melodramatic twaddle into the bargain, though it does not impress you so in the play because the playwright is so wonderfully skillful that he makes the unreal seem real,—which is the secret of good play writing.

* * *

Now let me end where I began by saying that this play is a great play, sure to be a lasting success; because it plays skillfully on our emotions, keeps us in constant suspense, makes us feel that it can only end in a tragedy. But its philosophy and psychology are bad, which is of no consequence. For this is the weakness of the drama as a form of art: it causes you to feel so strongly that, for the moment, you cannot reason and gladly accept false money for real. And this is surely the difference between old drama and new, between drama and melodrama. For if this play were intended for a cheap melodrama house it would end in the natural conquest of virtue over vice without the palliating circumstance of science being thrown in at the end; and if it were a drama of the old school it would end by Dr. Faust-Don-Juan-Bouguet being carried below amid swirling flames and smell of brimstone. Alas, for the prestige of modern thought! Even the most elemental morality is going down before it and we reach this inevitable conclusion of forgiving all the sins of the calendar because of the merit of scientific excellence.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1912. FRANK PATTERSON.

MRS. FISKE IN SHELDON'S "THE HIGH ROAD"

MRS. FISKE is giving a beautiful performance of "The High Road," by Edward Sheldon. The play is interesting and well built and carries one along with its movement, but it does not always ring true and it does not seem quite worthy of Mrs. Fiske. There is nothing subtle about it, nothing that makes a real demand upon Mrs. Fiske's unusual power, and while—as she is always interesting—it is interesting to see her do it, the story would probably "get over" in the hands of a less skillful actress and Mrs. Fiske would be free to do things that we have been accustomed to associate with the most capable actress upon our stage. The first act takes place on the old farm. The scene is especially beautiful. The front of the farm house is shown and the old well. Behind is the gate, and the road, and beyond, the hills. The girl, Mary Page, is a visionist, and enthusiast, and she sees the golden light upon the hills and longs to reach the hill top and realize the vision of the world. But there is in her life only drudgery and fault finding. Her mother is dead and her father cares only to kill in her the love of the beautiful. To the farm comes Alan Wilson, a painter, a dreamer of fine dreams, a seer of the beautiful. He is wealthy and he collects beautiful things. Mary interests him. He lends her books, Shakespeare's plays. The old father finds them and sends Alan off. As is the way with such men,

Alan carries with him the thing that appeals to him. Mary is a choice new specimen. And he sets himself to create for her a beautiful setting. She thinks to catch the golden gleam of the sun upon the hill if she can but win to the top. Alan shows her "the high road" that leads from hilltop to hilltop. His one thought is to make her dream of beauty real. He puts her in a beautiful apartment on Riverside Drive and he surrounds her with exquisite things. He believes she is happy, but Mary is looking toward the next hill. She sees the high road leading from Alan to seclusion to a world of men. She leaves him to work in a factory just as he realizes his need of her. But she does not get away until Alan has introduced her to a friend who is destined again to break in upon her life at another crisis.

* * *

Mary's vision is too strong for her to remain a factory girl. She becomes a leader and, finally, in her fight for the advancement of working women she becomes president of the Trades Union League. The governor of the state is her friend. She knew him in the old farm days. He has read all her books and published articles and he is interested in a bill she is trying to have the legislature pass. She comes with a tale of success. But another man is there, the man she met at Alan's twelve years before. He recognizes her and learns that she is responsible for the governor's refusal to enter into an agreement with the interests by which they will aid her in a fight for the presidency if he in return will give up his interest in the working girl's cause. The governor realizes that his interest in Mary extends beyond the working girl and asks her to marry him. She tries to refuse him but he will not let her. She tells him of her life with Alan and shows him that the Mary Page he knows could not have been if a little girl on a farm had not dreamed dreams and left it for the high road. They marry and together make the fight for the presidential nomination. It is the night of his big speech immediately preceding election day. A great deal depends upon it and Mary is back of him in every thing. His committee is announced. Their coming at this time is a surprise, and their mission terrible. The interests have determined to strike the governor through his wife and prevent his election. On the morrow all the newspapers under control are to publish certain facts which will be made the basis of senatorial investigation. It will be said that the governor contributed a large sum to his campaign expenses and that this sum was furnished him by his wife who received it from Alan with whom she had previously lived. The governor insists that he will take no notice of the matter. His advisers insist that he must deny it. It is the little bit of truth that he cannot disprove that prevents him from killing the story. The representative of the interests is announced. Publicity and investigation will be called off if the governor will disprove the facts or if he will give up the working girl's cause.

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Mary Page is appealed to. The governor thinks she can prove an alibi during the years in question. He suggests that she was teaching school in a certain town. She meets the situation with tremendous command of herself, but when a telegram is suggested to the school district she sees that the game is ended and acknowledges her life with Alan. The governor is broken in spirit. He says things to her he would like afterward to recall, but she does not flinch. The thing to do is to save the situation. She sees that he goes to the meeting and makes his speech. In his absence she sends for her enemy. He comes and she makes every appeal she can to his manhood and generosity. All fail. And then she plays her trump card. She has prepared a message to the people. She will get it to the Associated Press first. In this she will admit the truth and kill the lie and throw herself on the mercy of the American people, making them see that the attack was made for the political and commercial capital the interests expect to gain. She wins her point and the man is forced to call off the fight and the investigation. The governor returns and she is also to tell him that his chances are not endangered in any way and that on the election day he will win. He sees his wife for what she is and realizes his failure to stay on his pedestal. She does not mind, for now he is human and she can take care of him as though he were a boy—a strong reminiscence of Candida. The staging is admirably done. It always is when Mrs. Fiske is concerned. She is ever the artist no matter how slight the detail. In the first act she conveys admirably an impression of youth. Her going from the farm is poetic and exquisite, and her handling of the emotional and tense scenes of the later acts is beautiful, but no subtle playing is demanded and one misses that. Mrs. Fiske is too fine an artist ever to be called upon to present a more or less commonplace character. Her support is capable. Charles Waldron and Arthur Byron are especially fine.

ANN PAGE.

New York, Dec. 16, 1912.



Finley Shepard's Good Fortune

California Club men are rejoiced over the good fortune of their former comrade, Finley J. Shepard, in winning the hand of so estimable a woman as Helen Gould. It is nearly seven years since "Shep" resigned his position as general superintendent of the Santa Fe lines west of Albuquerque to go to Chicago and, later, to St. Louis to join the Missouri Pacific as assistant to the president of the Gould road. Many a pleasant evening have I had in his charming company and that he was able to attract the favorable attention of Miss Gould surprises me not at all. Finley is about a year her senior. To my telegram of congratulation he responded "Deeply appreciate your remembrance which revived delightful recollections of California sojourn in 1905." Finley was a general favorite in Los Angeles and that he may find much happiness is the wish of all his old associates.

Tragedy Was Unnecessary

Chester Lawrence, the young newspaper man who perished along with Horace Kearney, the aviator, in the flight between San Diego and San Francisco, was one of the most popular of the younger newspaper men. He was warned and pleaded with by his friends not to essay the trip, but to no avail. He came here several years ago from Boston, and worked in a minor capacity on the old morning Herald. Later, he went to the Examiner as amateur athletic editor, and was soon made automobile editor. In the latter position he made many friends and was reputed to be one of the most facile writers of that class of news on the coast. He leaves a charming wife whom he married as the result of a college romance begun while both were attending the University of California. She was formerly Miss Blanche Robertson of Ontario. The tragedy of Lawrence's death is that it was so unnecessary.

Touchdown for Princeton

Robert Rinehart, the erudite editor-manager of the Municipal News, they tell me, is slated to succeed William Humphreys on the board of public works. Pressure is being brought to bear on Mayor Alexander to name the journalist. The mayor is fond of Rinehart, but is said to be hesitating because it is his custom to hesitate. The transition from the position of editor-manager of the Dunlap Dalliance to the public works committee at double the remuneration is one well worth making. Rinehart is a Princeton man, who came west several years ago and found a place on the Record. He covered city hall for that sprightly organ for many months and later went to Sacramento as the United Press representative. Later, he returned to the local fold, and when the News was created he was chosen to direct its destinies. In the recent presidential campaign he took an active part in the local fight for Wilson. Certain of the third party bigots attacked Rinehart for showing partisanship while drawing pay from the city, and it is said they are trying to use this against him to prevent his selection for the Board of Public Works.

Stock Exchange in Turmoil

Los Angeles Stock Exchange politics are beginning to sizzle, the annual meeting of the organization being due the first Monday in January. A majority of the members wonder why the exchange is retrograding, while the city continues to grow so swiftly. Two years ago seats were selling at nearly \$3000; two weeks ago the price was \$885, and the tendency is still downward. The issue in the annual election next month will be whether or not all trading among members of the board shall be open—that is to say, with a record made on the floor of the exchange. The present system permits most of the trading off-board, with prices at any angle, and with customers scalped out of large sums without their being any the wiser. A few years ago an attempt was made to have all trading onboard, but the idea was fought by the large Fourth street houses. It is believed that these same hostile influences again will contest the "all onboard" business, with another threat to break away from the exchange in the event that the move is insisted upon. Bankers and others profess to be convinced that the "all onboard" business is

the proper thing, and that the present system is out of date and ruinous to the exchange as well as to the public which gets into the market. It is realized that the exchange is not considered so seriously as its importance in the business of the community deserves, and it is believed that with more legitimate publicity this defect can be remedied. It is stated that last year, among the several annual newspaper editions published in Los Angeles, the stock exchange was the only important institution which was not mentioned.

Dressed For His Rambles

Many persons have been wondering who is writing the column of club and commercial chit chat in the Examiner under the heading "Reveries of a Rambler." The culprit is none other than John Brown, formerly the Hearst hotel man. I am told that when he was a mere hotel reporter Brown was satisfied to carry a copy of the Examiner in his hand, but the dignity of his newer position imposes on him a stick and a volume of lavender poems.

From Limelight to Limejuice

Leading lights in the world of sports seem to have accepted the principle that as soon as one makes a name for himself in the limelight the next step is to cash in on that reputation by opening a buffet. The latest to adopt this attitude are Barney Oldfield and "Kitty" Brashear. Barney has bought an interest in a local "wettery" and will attempt to make his relief station an oasis for thirsty souls, while Brashear having retired from the diamond has just closed a deal for a similar place in San Bernardino. James J. Jeffries was the first to carry out the idea here, and "Hap" Hogan approximated by opening a pool room above the "white hope." I believe the notion had its genesis in San Francisco when "Spider" Kelly led the way. It seems about the only thing left for Jim Flynn to do.

Gifts for Great and Near Great

More exciting and less soniferous than usual should be the session of the City Club which is scheduled for noon today at the Hotel Angelus, for instead of the usual speakers with their highly muni-technical addresses is a holiday program, with the distribution of gifts for the great and near great in local political circles. The gifts have been selected by a committee for their appropriateness, and the announcements of the affair say that "all leading celebrities, local, state and national, will get what is coming to them." While I can hardly believe that they will get all that is coming to them, a jolly time seems assured. By the way, this move to the Angelus makes the fourth progression for the City Club within the last five months. Its pilgrimage has included the Westminster hotel, Christopher's, Hamburger's cafe, and now they are to be the guests of the Loomis brothers.

Goldlocks at the Lyceum

When one frequents the Lyceum, now the stronghold of the mellow-thrillers, one is reminded of the Red Headed League which is the feature of one of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. As you enter the lobby the auburn haired Dick Ferris, ever genial, extends his welcoming hand, while at the box office Eugene Lowry, formerly of the Majestic, also of ruddy hued locks, exuberantly inquires "How many, please?" Several of the ushers appear to have been chosen for their auriferous thatches, and if Joe Montrose were only there the symphony would be flawless.

Lifting the 1913 Lid

Rumors emanating from the police station intimate that the lid may be lifted just a trifle this New Year's eve so that the customary conventionality of the down town streets may be slightly eased. No rowdiness, however, will be tolerated, but so long as the revelry is not ribald and merely an exuberance of spirits to welcome young Mr. 1913, the police will not attempt to interfere with the celebraters.

Light on Mexican Revolution

William Alden Smith and his associates who inquired into the details of the revolution in Mexico appear to have uncovered many interesting facts. As was intimated, Los Angeles was the scene of a large part of the plot. It is stated that when the late E. H. Harriman was asked to contribute funds for the Diaz overthrow, he not only declined, but instructed all of his bureau chiefs, here and in Mexico, to keep out of trouble. The injunction was obeyed, it is declared, although other interests in which Mr. Harriman had a share contributed to the war funds. With details of the conspiracy made public, it is feared that few if any of the American claims due to the Diaz revolution will be paid by Mexico. Certain oil interests, which were said to have been largely responsible for Madero's success, now wish him deposed, as he is not a tractable president. It has been anything but an easy matter for

the Mexican Petroleum Company of this city to keep out of Mexican politics, but to this time E. L. Doheny, C. A. Canfield and their associates have managed to do so, to the chagrin of other oil interests.

Promising Young Diplomat Here

Hugh S. Gibson, secretary of the American legation in Havana, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Frank Gibson. The young diplomat has been the center of several interesting adventures of late. His esteemed father, deceased these ten years, was cashier of the First National Bank of this city, and before that was a county official. The son, a graduate of the city's public school system and the state university, has had experiences in China, Europe and South America. He is highly regarded in the state department, and the advent of a Democratic national administration will not disturb him.

Fine British Courtesy

It was an act of fine courtesy that prompted the captain of H. R. M. S. Shearwater to join in the effort to locate Aviator Horace Kearney and Chester Lawrence last Sunday. The Shearwater was lying off Santa Monica at the time, and her commanding officer did not wait to be asked to join the search, but hoisted anchor and was away almost as soon as the news reached him. He scoured the seas for two days in an attempt to locate the missing men.

Served His Country Well

General John W. Foster of Washington, who is due in Los Angeles today for an indefinite stay, is among the best known public men of the national capital. In addition to having served as secretary of state, General Foster also has been American minister to China and other countries. For a long time he was American counsel for China in the national capital, and is an author of international reputation, in addition to being an authority on international law.

Move in the Right Direction

Superintendent Fred C. Nelles of Whittier will have the support of the friends of that institution in his efforts to secure a young chaplain with broad sympathies—one who will enter thoroughly into the spirit of the school. It has been the custom to appoint an orthodox minister who preaches a regular Sunday sermon, and is not supposed to do more for his charges. Nelles wants a moral preceptor who, in addition to holding Sunday services, will be able to keep his charges interested through the remainder of the week, with baseball and other games, as well as spiritual comfort. Of course, the new Whittier regime is meeting with obstacles, but if Nelles and his assistants persist, they are certain to succeed.

Material For Trust Probers

Los Angeles supplied several chapters in the money trust inquiry in progress in Washington, the flotation of the Doheny-Canfield California Petroleum Company by the Lewisohn Brothers, Solomon & Company and other Wall street houses having given to the probers a series of incidents in rapid fire financing that must have proved interesting to Washington as well as the New York financial districts. The California Petroleum Company was organized about four months ago, with the absorption of the American Petroleum Company and the American Oilfields Company, both of this city. Local shareholders in the two latter corporations were advised that they could relinquish their holdings at the New York market value, or hold their stock a year and dispose of it at the market price existing at that time. The Los Angeles Herald, in which Mr. Doheny is a shareholder, omitted the Lewisohn story. It was a delicate consideration.

What He Found

Prof. Preston W. Search, who was the star orator in the recent Teachers' Institute in this city, was superintendent of schools here more than fifteen years ago. He sought to introduce the Search method of individual teaching, and was forced to give up his position as a result. Professor J. A. Foshay was Mr. Search's assistant and his successor.

Delay in Court Procedure

President Taft's criticism of the tediousness of federal court procedure was further upheld this week in Los Angeles, when the Cleveland Oil case was called, and after an hour's argument was continued for trial until March 15. It will be recalled that more than two years ago certain promoters were arrested in this city, charged with having used the mails to defraud in the flotation of a million dollar company. The corporation was gutted after more than \$500,000 had been taken from the shareholders, all in less than a year's time, the subscribers receiving absolutely nothing. The company's offices here were raided by federal agents, and those accused of

crime in connection with the matter were released on bail. One of them has since died and the others probably cannot be convicted, as the evidence has been scattered far and wide. It is said that the land used as the basis for the flotation, and which was filed on in the Midway district, has since been disposed of for a neat sum, a few insiders enjoying the proceeds of the transaction. The shareholders' investment in the original corporation long ago proved a total loss.

Patrolman Off Again

Mayor Alexander acted wisely in ordering the trial of the patrolman responsible for the death of 17-year-old Elmer Finnegan. While the boy may have met his death by a series of unfortunate incidents, the officer responsible should not have been returned to duty, but should have insisted upon a jury trial, waiving a preliminary examination and being released on his own recognizance. In the event of his acquittal he should have been paid for such time as he lost from his duties. The attempt to brand young Finnegan a malefactor is not praiseworthy; it is said that his pranks were only boyish "wild oats."

Saved From the Wrath

Edwin Arnold, for years mayor of Cananea, is not to be returned to Mexico for trial. He fled from that city in the early days of the Diaz troubles, and when Madero assumed charge, an effort was made to extradite him on charges of embezzlement. Last week, United States authorities in Arizona decided that the Mexican government had no case.

Hurting a Good Movement

Since the wave of sympathy for ex-convicts struck Los Angeles, the city has been the mecca of several former inmates of San Quentin and Folsom, who have been hurting a really worthy movement by using several of the good people of the city to their own advantage. As a consequence the movement for prison reform will probably be hampered. Those in charge of the police department complain that soft-hearted women let their sympathies run away with them. No attempt is made to arrest these adventurers, as they would probably make capital of such an action by terming it persecution. A great deal of good can be and is accomplished through the parole law, and the ex-convict certainly should be given every chance, but all efforts at reform will be checked if the fakers who have been using the movement for personal gain are not suppressed.

Buick Oil Company Under Fire

With the arrest in St. Louis of certain promoters in the Buick Oil Company of Los Angeles another questionable flotation is to be subjected to the limelight of publicity. The Buick Oil Company was floated upon certain located land in the Midway district, where a gusher was uncovered. The well produced a large amount of petroleum, which enabled the promoters to gather in a goodly sum, after the funds for the initial development had been found. It is stated that more than a million dollars was advanced by victims, with the shares that at one time sold as high as a dollar now going begging at less than twenty cents. Yet the Buick property is stated to be valuable, although the company's gusher collapsed several months ago. The shares never were listed, but for a time they were exceedingly active on the curb market, here as well as in New York and other important cities in the east.

Should Sit on Stanford

Unless indications are at fault, President Woodrow Wilson will have trouble on his hands, due to the legislature of California, which is to convene the first Monday in January. Senator J. B. Sanford, for a time chairman of the Democratic state committee, has stated that he intends once more to introduce his bill prohibiting Japanese from acquiring lands in California. It is insisted that this measure brought the United States to the verge of war with Japan in the closing days of the Roosevelt administration four years ago. Senator Sanford, who is a newspaper editor in Ukiah, was a delegate to the Baltimore convention last summer, having been at the time an ardent advocate of the nomination of Champ Clark for the presidency. It is intimated that his Japanese land bill is intended to place President Wilson on record. He should be severely sat upon.

Must Foot the Bills

Joseph Mesmer and others who were asked to pay up certain deficiency judgments of the defunct Evening News—a feeble echo of the original News—the paper launched four years ago by Winfield Scott—will have to "come across," the supreme court having affirmed the decision of the Los Angeles superior court. There is still absurd talk of launching a new evening paper, the Globe, with a thirteen-story building at First and Spring streets; but it is hot air only.

The promoters, or rather the ones they hope to have foot the bills, have not the slightest conception of the size of their contract. I understand that a score or more of the principal advertisers of the city have agreed to cut certain evening and morning papers from their 1913 appropriations.

Lloyd George May Visit Us

Southern California may have opportunity to entertain Lloyd George, England's chancellor of the exchequer. Mr. George expects to reach New York early in 1913, and, while he has not decided to come as far west as California, it has been intimated that in the event an invitation is forthcoming he will extend his trip to Los Angeles. Mr. John R. Haynes is said to be especially interested in inducing Mr. George to pay us a visit.

Changes in Banking Circles

With the Globe Savings Bank in its new Los Angeles Investment building and with the First National to be housed in the Van Nuys block at Seventh and Spring streets by January 15; with the German-American Savings to be in the Union Oil building at about the same time, and with the California Savings Bank at Fourth and Spring early in the year, the financial district is to change materially. It is admitted that the National Bank of Commerce at Second and Main will soon be an adjunct of the Home Savings. Before long, the Los Angeles Trust will have a branch at Second and Spring, where the First National is doing business, with the Security Savings also doing a goodly portion of its business in the midst of the shopping district on Broadway.

Putting a Head on a Judge

I am wondering if Judge Grosscup, the man who reversed the Standard Oil fine imposed by Judge Landis, realizes how near he came to being made the butt of a practical joke at his recent visit here. Half a dozen newspaper men were loafing in the lobby of the Alexandria while the judge was eating dinner in the dining salon. Two of them were due to interview his judgeship while the others were off duty and merely killing time. One of those on assignment was more or less of a new hand at the game of interviewing. The older man remarked "It might be a good stunt to ask Judge Grosscup how he came to Anglicise his name. It ought to prove an interesting feature to a story." "What was his name?" asked the younger scribe. "I believe it was Grosskopf," casually observed the old reporter, and then one of the others had to give the joke away by blurting out, "Why, that means big head in German." And he was immediately hustled into the buffet to pay the deserved forfeit.

Kent to Succeed Smith

Evidently, California is not to lose her place on the public lands committee. The assignment was held for three sessions by Congressman S. C. Smith of the Bakersfield district. Smith has been ill nearly two years and has not been in attendance upon the sessions. His withdrawal from congress leaves his place on the committee vacant, and it is possible that it may be given to Congressman Kent of the Sacramento district, who was elected by the Progressives. Kent's appointment on the committee will not be generally approved in the oil districts, owing to his extreme views in the matter of conservation. Congressman Smith is convalescing in Hollywood, and is well enough to take occasional rides among the valleys close to Los Angeles. His term will expire March 4 next year.

That peace commission does not seem to be making rapid progress. Meanwhile, the Greeks remain on the firing line and the Turkish fleet is bottled up in the Dardanelles. It is a curious situation.

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PAINTING

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By W. Francis Gates

Decid improvement was noticeable in the size of the Symphony orchestra audience, Friday afternoon, over its predecessor. And there was a parallel improvement in the program. Three styles of orchestral composition were exemplified on the program. Of the old classical school there was the Beethoven Fifth symphony; of the last century romantic school there was an orchestral transcription of Liszt's Polonaise in E major; and of the neo-romantic school there was Debussy's prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun." These compositions are so distinctly different in style, school and atmosphere that any music lover should have been able to find a favorite.

Probably the best work was done by Mr. Hamilton's men in the Liszt number. At any rate, its inherent brilliance, its dashing movement, made it a scintillating close for the program. If there are slips on the part of the players, the glitter of the text covers them up. In the Beethoven work more accuracy is demanded. Anything shoddy in performance stands out—nearly as much of a musical "sore thumb" as a slipshod rendition of a Mozart work. One must put himself into the spirit of the classical age of music to enjoy to the full the works of its day. A theme was developed, repeated, turned and twisted until there was nothing left to say on the subject. And in this work the subject is one of the smallest known to musical literature; and the treatment of it is notable in its completeness. In most of the work, the orchestra played well together, though it was not free from careless slips on the part of the performers.

And then, to come back to the first number on the program, there was that evanescent, formless hybrid, Debussy's "Afternoon." There can be said only what was said in these columns when the same work was played a year or more ago. Debussy strives to create an atmosphere in the minds of his hearers, using any device without fear or favor, careless of precedent, rule or theory. The one thing is to get that atmosphere. So, do not look for tones or harmonic sequences. He succeeds in his endeavor. If you don't like it—listen to something else—that is his attitude.

But how delightfully clear the Beethoven, how human the Liszt, after the modern Frenchman had escaped our ears! And France had another representative on the program, in the person of Mme. Gerville Reache, the soloist of the day. What was said of her vocal style and abilities in the preceding issue of The Graphic applies with equal force in the present instance. With the addition that the accompaniment of the orchestra was more in accord with her power of voice and dramatic method than is any piano accompaniment. She sang arias from Berlioz' "Death of Dido," one from Ponchielli's "Giacinta," one from Bruneau's "Attack on the Mill" and a "Carmen" aria. The latter was repeated on an insistent demand. As in the program of hers Tuesday night, the "Carmen" selection was given with the most brilliancy and made the larger appeal to the audience.

Mr. Hamilton was compelled to conduct the Berlioz number largely from memory, as the contralto "forgot to bring her music." This put the popular conductor in a predicament from which he emerged without many in the audience being the wiser. The next concert of the Symphony orchestra takes place January 10, with Juan de

la Cruz as soloist; the selections are Schumann's Fourth symphony, Coleridge-Taylor's Dance Negre from an African suite, and a number called "The Sustained C" by Adolf Tandler, a member of the Brahms quintet and a composer who has proved to be fertile of interesting ideas.

The question has been not how well the Legebott orchestra could play, at the Sunday popular concerts, but how well the public would support the enterprise. The progression has been thus: 500, 1100, 1500, 1700, 2250, the last total representing last Sunday's attendance. The program was not at all "popular," using that word in its common musical sense, for it contained numbers by Beethoven, Grieg, Boellmann, Legebott and Wagner. Mr. Legebott proved his large musicianship by his reading of the first and last numbers, the Leonore overture and the "Meistersinger" prelude. With Mr. Hastings at the organ, the "Fantastic Dialogue" of Boellmann reached a volume seldom heard in the Auditorium, and brought thunderous applause. Mrs. L. J. Selby again read her title clear as a delightful contralto in the Grieg "Autumnal Gale." As an encore the singer used a "Bluebird" song written by Mrs. Jamieson. Tomorrow, the selections are "Barber of Seville" overture, Haydn's Toy Symphony, Frederick Stevenson's "Danse Bretonne" and Herbert's "American Fantasy." If the audiences continue to increase, a larger building will be necessary to house them. The success of these orchestral concerts seems assured, as in one or two more weeks, at the present rate, the income will pay the expense.

At the meeting of the Southern California Music Teachers' Association at the Gamut club building last Friday night, a rule was passed permitting the election of officers at that time. The result was: President, Fred G. Ellis; vice president, Beresford Joy; secretary, Mrs. Grace Elliott; treasurer, A. D. Hunter; directors, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Mr. Davis and Carl Bronson. Messrs. Ellis and Hunter, with Miss Joy, held their offices last year and their earnest endeavors did much to bring the association to its present high standing. If the association had nothing else to its credit, the series of Sunday afternoon orchestra concerts at popular prices would serve as a sufficient reason for being.

Speaking of that orchestra, it has had the endorsement of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association and of several other bodies, of many prominent business and professional men and of all those who have any especial desire to popularize good music. Director Hamilton, of the Symphony orchestra, has placed at its disposal his large library of orchestral scores, and gives the project high encouragement, in which example it would be a good idea if all his men would "follow their leader."

Last Tuesday afternoon the Women's orchestra, in its concert at Blanchard Hall, gave the first presentation of the newly-found Beethoven symphony—which many critics say is not by Beethoven. It is alleged to be one of Beethoven's earlier works, and has the lingering Mozart and Haydn atmosphere. It is strange that no history or biography mentions it, and that Beethoven left no word concerning it. It may be a practice symphony of his

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student days, cast aside as unworthy of mention. It was played by the forty-five women under Mr. Hamilton with precision and grace. The work was appropriate, as played the day after the composer's birthday.

Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus recently sang Frederick Stevenson's "Salutation of the Dawn" in Paris, and had four recalls. She is contralto at the American church, of which Arthur Alexander Alexander, recently of Christ church, Los Angeles, is the organist. Los Angeles seems to have a pre-emption claim on the music of that church, as Archie Sessions, now at Christ church, recently came from there. Sessions now shakes hands in French.

Clifford Lott has had come to him a request to sing at the April concert of the Boston Caecilia club, in the Coleridge-Taylor "Death of Hiawatha." Mr. Lott will pass a month on his eastern trip, singing at Portland and San Francisco and possibly at Columbus and New York. He is soloist at the local symphony concert of February 7. Los Angeles will do well to hold so capable and artistic a singer as Mr. Lott.

Musical America has the following to say of Rudolf Friml's new opera, "The Firefly," recently performed in New York. Los Angeles friends of Mr. Friml will congratulate him on his success in a new musical field: "The musical world took particular interest in the debut of Mr. Friml as a composer of light opera, and this score revealed him as a new Rudolf Friml. He had successfully bridged that chasm which separates composition in the more serious forms from 'production music.' The score is sparkling and melodious throughout, and his instrumentation laden with color."

Mrs. Basley's Poultry Book

Particularly interesting to Southern California is the "Western Poultry Book," third edition of which has just been put out by its author, Mrs. A. Basley. Mrs. Basley is thoroughly familiar with her subject, especially with the conditions in this field, and writes from practical experience rather than theory. Every phase of the poultry-raising industry is covered, from the building of houses to curing a cold in a pullet's head. Southern California is especially suited to poultry raising, and Mrs. Basley's book will be of invaluable assistance to the novice as well as to the veteran.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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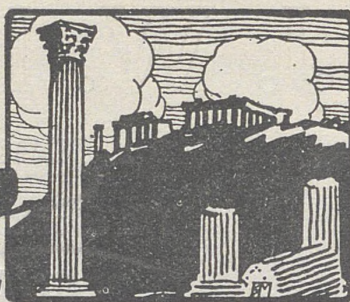
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

General Exhibition—Blanchard Gallery.
General Exhibition—Steckel Gallery.
Chas. A. Rogers—Walker Auditorium.
Max Wiczorek—Hotel Maryland.
Chas. L. Turner—Bentz Gallery.

At this holiday season an unusual number of art exhibitions are being held. The fall and early winter showings have been numerous enough to keep the reviewers constantly on the alert for fear each collection would not receive its proper share of space, but it seems that the artists and gallery managers have conspired to bring us face to face with our Waterloo. At the Blanchard Gallery may be seen this week and next a general collection of oils and watercolors that is of more than passing interest. More than one hundred canvases are hung representing about a dozen well-known painters. The gallery management arranged this attractive showing solely for the purpose of tempting the holiday shoppers to invest their money in gifts of lasting value. The majority of the works shown are of medium size and suitable for the home in subject and treatment. No gallery pieces or large renderings are hung at this time and I note by the catalogue that no canvases on the walls are priced above one hundred dollars. Many good things are exhibited and a few real gems may be selected by the discriminating art lover.

Florine Hyer shows two beautifully painted rose panels and one of red geraniums and copper jars that is fine in handling and excellent in color. Herbert W. Faulkner of Washington, Conn., is well represented by a group of eight oils and five watercolors, all depicting favorite spots in Venice. "A Cloudy Day," a scene on the Grand Canal, is of great merit. It is excellent in tonal qualities and is strong in handling. "Sunset on the Grand Canal," "Rose and Silver," and "Gay Sails" are among the best of the oils. "A Corner of St. Marks," "Misty Moonlight," and "Bridge of Sighs" are the gems of the watercolor group. Lillian Drain shows three sunset effects and a well painted Chinatown study and Eugene C. Frank sends a figure study and two small landscapes of real charm.

Joseph Greenbaum shows five large canvases and twelve small sketches, all painted in pure color. A desert landscape called "Arizona" is perhaps the most telling of his offerings. It is full of sentiment and lovely in color. "Golden Glow" and "Late Afternoon" are painted in a direct and forceful manner and are good in quality. Ralph Davison Miller shows one large marine and seventeen small sketches of Southern California landscapes. John Donovan is well represented by three large marines and ten small ones. "Early Twilight" and "Misty Day" are among the best of these. Benjamin Chambers Brown sends seven oils and one watercolor which easily lead in point of excellence. Warren E. Rollins and Wm. Swift Daniell show well considered work. Verna Wilbur Simmons offers two posters. A group of eleven watercolor figure studies of Pueblo Indians by Gerald Cassidy of Santa Fe, New Mexico, add interest to this worthy collection.

In her Blanchard Hall studio Elizabeth Borglum is holding a special exhibition of her late work in oils. Mrs. Borglum's art is well and favorably known in this vicinity and her exhibits never fail to interest a large number.

At this time about twenty ideal landscapes are hung and of this number perhaps ten are new to local art lovers. Two well painted grape panels add variety to this well considered showing. "Storm in the Mountains," "Baldwin Oaks" and "Canyon Pool" are perhaps the most notable canvases shown at this time.

* * *

In the Art Gallery on the top floor of the Walker Theater Building, Chas. A. Rogers is holding the first large individual exhibition of his work since coming to Los Angeles after the San Francisco fire. Mr. Rogers is famous in the west for his studies of oriental life in the Chinatown districts of old San Francisco and Los Angeles. He is also a careful student of nature and his colorful landscapes appeal to many. Not a little of Mr. Rogers' best work has been done since coming south. His studies of San Gabriel and Capistrano missions are particularly noteworthy. Last summer this busy painter sketched in the Yosemite and several large canvases depicting well known points of scenic interest are now shown. Lack of space renders a detailed review impossible at this time.

* * *

An exhibition of more than passing interest is that of the work in oil by Chas. Louis Turner of Pasadena, which may be seen any afternoon, except Sunday, from two to five o'clock, in the loft of the Bentz Art Store on Raymond Avenue. Mr. Turner is well known in Pasadena, having come here from Illinois with his parents when a mere lad. He was educated in the public schools of Pasadena and at an early age showed a marked talent for drawing. He began his art studies at the age of fourteen under the able tutelage of Miss Edith White. Later he studied at the San Francisco School of Art and Design, finally going abroad to complete his training. Mr. Turner passed several years in Italy, France and Germany and his best canvases are records of his observations in Rome, Florence, and Venice.

Forty landscape studies are shown at this time, three portraits, and three still life renderings. All are painted with much understanding and deep feeling for the poetry of nature and the harmony of color. The portrait of a temperamental young man seated at a piano is perhaps the best of the figure studies. Several landscapes painted near Fort Klamath, Oregon, are of merit. The sketches taken near San Francisco and San Pedro are fine in handling and remarkable in color. Of the foreign sketches "In Tivoli," "Fishing Boats," "A Study of Pali," "Mending a Sail," "Water Carriers," "In Chiozgen," and "Night, Venice" are the most successful. All who can should see these delightful sketches of old world interest.

* * *

E. A. Burbank is now located at 2522 West Ninth street.

* * *

William Wendt has been awarded the \$500 Fine Arts Building Prize for his canvas "Sunny Slope" exhibited in the Society of Western Artists Salon in Chicago.

* * *

Gardner Symons of Laguna Beach has been awarded a prize of \$1000 at the Corcoran Art Gallery exhibit in Washington, D. C.

* * *

Max Wiczorek is holding an exhibition at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena.

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LOS ANGELES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, San Bernardino Meridian, situate in the Los Angeles Land District, and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 15th day of November, 1912.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

04000 Nov. 26, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that James Keene Hedstrom, of 170 Lucas Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on July 22, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11415, Serial No. 04000, for Lot 4, Sec. 4, Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 5, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank James Kimball, Joseph Louis Olivera, Katherine F. Gleason, Jackson Tweedy, all of Calabasas, Cal.

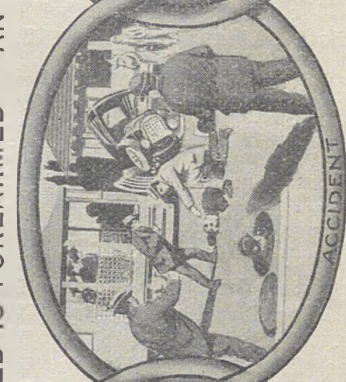
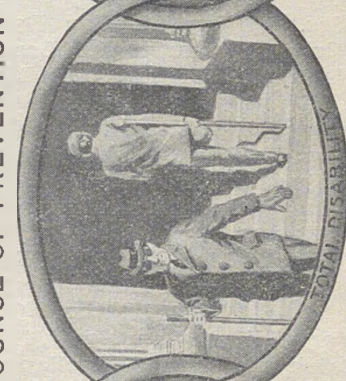
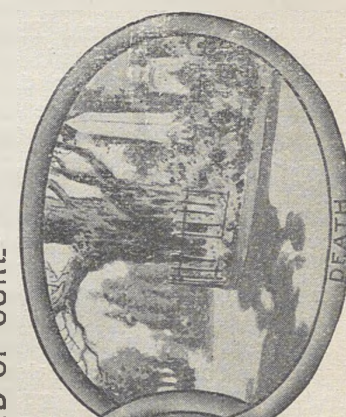
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Social & Personal

Society's pretty compliment to the season's buds took place Wednesday evening at Hotel Alexandria—the first subscription dance of this year, and the prettiest one of many years. Three hundred invitations were issued, and many of the guests were entertained at private dinner parties before the ball, which began at ten o'clock. The handsome ballroom of the Alexandria was beautiful in decorations of pink and white cyclamen, arranged with bands of satin ribbons in the American Beauty shade. Supper was served in the main dining room, and each table was bright with pink cyclamen and pink ribbons, and favors were scented silken bags and bright colored "serpentes." The special guests were, of course, the debutantes, and these included Miss Aileen McCarthy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy; Miss Katherine Barbour, daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. H. Barbour; Miss Marjorie Ramsay, daughter of Mrs. William A. Ramsay; Miss Albertine Pendleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelia Welles Pendleton; Miss Laura Almada, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Almada; Miss Georgie Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off; Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, jr.; Miss Lillian Van Dyke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Van Dyke, and the Misses Margaret and Louise Fleming, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming. The patronesses for the occasion were Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Alfred A. Solano, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mrs. Allan C. Balch and Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg. The second dance will be given at Hotel Alexandria Jan. 22.

Miss Georgie Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. A. Off of Hotel Darby and San Juan Capistrano, was formally introduced to society Friday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Off presided at a large reception at the Ebell clubhouse. The rooms were fragrant with cut flowers and bright with holiday decorations. In the receiving line were Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mrs. A. H. Busch, Mrs. Walter S. Cosby, Mrs. George Cole, Mrs. Joseph H. Call, Mrs. LeRoy Edwards, Mrs. Frank P. Flint, Mrs. Warren Gillellan, Mrs. R. H. Herron, Mrs. R. H. Howell, Mrs. Fred Hines, Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock, Mrs. William T. Lacey, Mrs. W. G. McCarty, Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton, Mrs. Vernon Smith, Mrs. Harold Wrenn, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Erwin Widney, Miss Jessie Benton Fremont, Miss Echo Allen, Miss Adelaide Hills, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Helen Chandler, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Sarah Clark, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Katherine Flint, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Ruth Larned, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Maybelle Peyton, Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Rhoades, Miss Gertrude Shafer, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood and Miss Hazel Wilson. After the formal reception a dancing party was enjoyed. Miss Off has already become one of the most popular members of the younger set, and was one of the belles of the subscription ball given

Wednesday evening. She has had as house guest for a few days Miss Dorothy Greaves of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh of 1119 Westchester place and their young daughters, Misses Florence and Martha Marsh will be the Christmas angels of five hundred children Christmas afternoon, when that number of little ones will be entertained with a big tree, supper and holiday festivities at the Marsh home. A big tent will be erected over the tennis court, gayly decked with boughs and holiday appointments, and a giant tree, laden with gifts, will be a delightful feature. This is the fifth annual affair given by Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and their daughters, and this year especially Mrs. Marsh has been assisted by her many friends, who have aided her in preparing for the occasion and will assist her in entertaining the eager children. Santa Claus will deliver presents to each child, not only toys and dollies, but many substantial gifts. Supper will be served in the big tent, and other delights are planned for the little ones whom Santa Claus is prone to overlook in his chimney rounds.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy of 2076 West Adams street entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal tea party. The home was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the hall masses of Scotch heather studded with scarlet azaleas were used, and the drawing room was fragrant with American Beauty roses, while the diningroom was unique in decorations of fruit. Assisting Mrs. Murphy in receiving were Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. John G. Mossin, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mrs. W. A. Edwards, Mrs. L. N. Bruns- wig, Mrs. Henry McKee, Mrs. T. J. Fleming, Mrs. W. T. Bishop, Mrs. William E. Ramsay, Mrs. James C. Kays, Mrs. William T. McFie, Mrs. Lyman Ross McFie, Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin, Mrs. William E. Hampton, Mrs. Godfrey Stamm, Mrs. P. G. Cotter, Mrs. C. N. Sterry, Mrs. Louis Grant, Mrs. Joseph Conaty, Mrs. Clarence Moore, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Margaret Fleming, Miss Louise Fleming, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Miss Susanne Lynch, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Evangeline Duque and Miss Elizabeth Helm.

Many of the younger set who are home from school and the East for the holiday season, as well as the older set, will enjoy the affair to be given Monday by Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning and Miss Katherine Banning and Mrs. George Smith Patton and Miss Anita Patton, Monday, Dec. 23. In the afternoon there is to be a reception, followed by supper and dancing. The hours are from 4 to 12.

Mrs. Horace B. Wing of 1017 Elden avenue gave a dancing party for the younger set last evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Peck of Hollywood, and of Mrs. Wing's son, Mr. Elbert Wing, who is home from Thatcher School for the holidays. Scarlet roses and carnations and holiday suggestions were used in the decorations, and about fifty young people enjoyed the evening.

Mrs. Ygnacio Sepulveda and Miss Conchita Sepulveda have left for their home in Mexico City, after an extended visit in California. Tuesday evening Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner entertained with a dinner party in their honor, and Monday afternoon Mrs. William Rowland gave a

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And reversible silk stockings—fine and dainty—wonderfully sheer—and with just a suggestion of another color shimmering through.

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—of the softest and finest of Italian silks—Plain—or embroidered, in quaint butterfly design—or in bow-knot pattern. The plain vests are as little as \$1.50—the embroidered are \$2.50 and up.

Quilted Japanese Kimonos---

—feather-light—and yet warmly padded.—Black with a lining of lavender and embroidered in Wistaria blossoms.—Dull navy blue—lined in scarlet—and lavender, pale blue and pale pink, lined with white.

luncheon for them at the California Club. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano were hosts at an informal dinner. Decorations were of American Beauty roses and guests included Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. MacLin, Miss Elizabeth Wolters, Mr. Hugh Gibson and Mr. James Slauson.

Miss Laura Almada, who recently returned from an eastern trip with Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, was honored guest at a luncheon given Tuesday afternoon by Miss Marie Louise Freese at Hotel Alexandria. Violets and pink roses were used as a centerpiece, and each place was marked with a corsage bouquets of the same blossoms. Guests included Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Miss Marion Winston, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Daphne Drake, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Helen Jones and Miss Kate Freese.

Another dancing party for the younger set will be that given by Mrs. Allan Balch of the Hotel Alexandria Thursday evening.

Holiday gayeties have been the rule at Cumnook School, and a recent affair was the dancing party given by the Intermediate class in compliment to the faculty and the students. Cumnook Hall was bright with poinsettias, holly and Christmas bells, and about two hundred guests were present. Saturday evening Maeterlinck's drama, "Pelleas and Melisande," was presented by post-graduates and students to an invited audience, under the direction of Miss Willamene Wilkes. The players acquitted themselves brilliantly.

General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue are planning a family dinner for Christmas day,

guests including their daughter, Mrs. George French Hamilton of Ft. Riley, Kas., their son-in-law and daughter, Lieut. and Mrs. John Hastings Howard, Lieut. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, jr., and little Adna R. Chaffee III, Adna Chaffee Hamilton and Katherine Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton has been the guest of her parents for several months, but will leave early in the year to join her husband at Ft. Riley.

Miss Pauline Friederich of San Diego, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Friederich, was married Wednesday morning to Mr. Clarence E. Carpenter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of this city. An elaborate ceremony had been planned, but owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family, the services were very simple and attended only by close friends and relatives. The bride wore a hand-made gown of white charmeuse trimmed with princess lace, and her veil was caught with orange blossoms, while her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Edna Friederich, acted as bridesmaid, and wore a gown of golden charmeuse with drape of autumn brown and carried a sheaf of yellow chrysanthemums. A color scheme of white and gold was carried out with decorations of white carnations and yellow chrysanthemums. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, and then the young couple left for a honeymoon trip. They plan to make their home at Redondo Beach, where Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, jr., whose wedding took place last week, are living. Mrs. Walker was Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter have returned from the South, where they went to attend the wedding.

Mrs. W. D. Woolwine of this city has gone to Nashville, Tenn., to join her daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, who is the guest of Mr. W. D. Woolwine's brother and sister-in-law, Mr.

and Mrs. Hamilton Woolwine. Miss Woolwine is a student at the National Cathedral School at Washington, D. C., and has as her guest for the holidays her class mate, Miss Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley of this city.

Dr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey are established in their new home at 694 Ardmore avenue.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchliffe of 1327 Crenshaw boulevard has as house guest Miss Anita Mathez of New York City. A number of affairs have been planned for Miss Mathez, and Mrs. Hinchliffe will give a dinner in her honor Christmas Day.

Formal announcement has been made by Mrs. Charles E. Payne of South Burlington avenue of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Hildgarde Payne, to Mr. Robert S. Shackelford of Mexico City.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Miss Kate Van Nuys and Mr. and Mrs. Benton Van Nuys will enjoy the holiday season at Santa Barbara.

Miss Elizabeth McDonald of San Francisco is the guest of the Misses Marguerite and Caroline Winston of Carroll avenue.

Mr. James Page, who has been in New York for several months, will enjoy the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Clifford Page of Orchard avenue.

In honor of Miss Margaret Fleming and Miss Louise Fleming, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, who made their debut at a reception given at Hotel Alexandria recently, Mrs. Fred E. Wilcox of Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, will entertain the younger set this afternoon with a luncheon.

Miss Aida Castellano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Castellano, will be married the day after Christmas to Mr. Armour A. Normandin, the ceremony to take place in St. Vincent's church. Miss Castellano will include in her bridal party Miss Florence Calderwood, Miss Florida Normandin, Miss Minnie Cox, little Virginia Gulhi and Master Joseph Amillo, while Messrs. Emil Castellano, jr., Secondo Guasti, jr., and R. A. Normandin will assist the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of West Twenty-fourth street have left for San Francisco, where they will pass the holidays with their son, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, jr.

Mrs. Oscar Lawler will give a tea Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at her home on New Hampshire boulevard.

NOTICE FOR APPLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

016527

Serial No. 016527 Not coal lands

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 14, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe-Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, S. B. B. and M., situated in the Los Angeles Land District, in the County of Ventura, Cal., and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 24th day of January, 1913.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

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DRAMA OF LIFE—AN ALLEGORY IN ONE SCENE

By T. W. Heineman

Enter:

FATHER TIME.
MAN (Representing Mankind).
THE GENIUS OF HISTORY.

MAN:

Now, Father Time, enlighten me,
My past, my future, let me see.
That wiser, happier I may,
In future tread Life's mystic way.

FATHER TIME:

Rock strata teach you how the earth,
To land and water first gave birth.
Then how Life's force has rearranged
Cells, atoms, organs. How forms changed,
How plants and creatures high and low,
From single cells began to grow.
Thus ran your past. Your future fate
Can be both beautiful and great.

MAN:

But, Time, for many who still strive
By useful labors to survive,
Life's gift means toil and poverty,
Few joys, but mostly misery;
Yea, wretched millions suffer, weep,
Down in their degradation deep!
For them 'twere better far to be
As happy as are brutes, as free
From carking cares and bitter sorrows,
As free from dread of dire to-morrows
Where greed and cunning cannot spoil
The just results of honest toil.

FATHER TIME:

O, Children, ye of Life and Time,—
Endowed with faculties sublime—
Not only can you understand
Deep mysteries of sea and land,
But Nature's everlasting force
And infinitely great resource,
Your industry and intellect
Have power to use and to direct;
Life to prolong and joys to gain;
Higher ideals to attain.
And out of lifeless, shapeless things,
Your art its gems of beauty brings.

MAN:

Time, these advantages accrue,
On this our earth but to a few.
Here power to kill and to destroy,
Counts more than means for life and joy,
Rude force and error blindly reign,
While hypocrites in power remain.
Here tainted wealth and rulers high,
Can law and decency defy,
And platform, press, school, pulpit, state,
Pervert the truth to suit the Great;
While they profess, O, greatest shame!
To do these things in Jesus' name.

Yea, nations proud of Christian order,
Train fifteen million men for murder!
Unchecked by law, the cunning take
What industry and genius make:
While those in power self but seek,
Kings, rulers, with corruption reek.
Is't wonder, then, that goodness dies,
And evil-doing multiplies?
That Right should hide and Truth to stay,
Must Wrong and Falsehood tribute pay?
That guilt depravity prevails
And truer, nobler manhood fails?

THE GENIUS OF HISTORY:

Throughout all history I trace,
Momentous changes in the race
By which all unjust powers wane;
While freedom, truth and justice gain.
Increasing knowledge radiates light,
To cure mankind of error's blight.
Time-honored wrongs are losing hold,
Rude force, sly cunning, are less bold.
As man thus grows more kind, just, wise,
He'll yet make earth that paradise,
Where truth, where justice never fails,
Where truth, where justice never fails,

[EXEUNT.]

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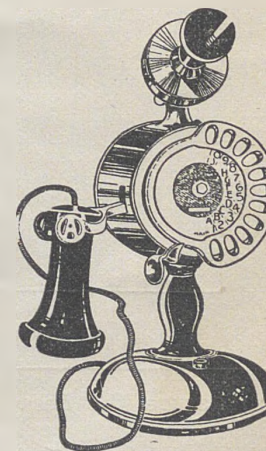
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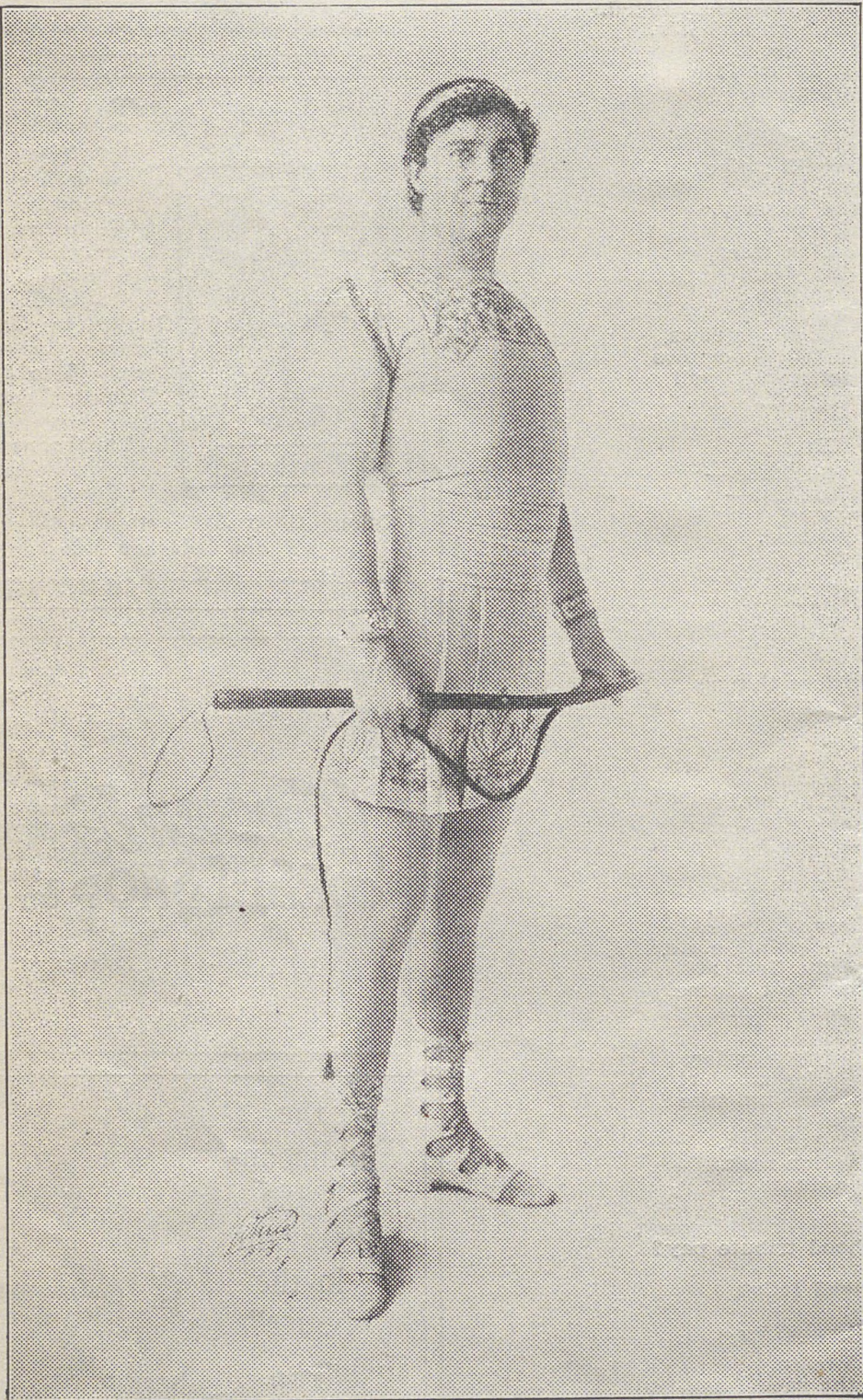
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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

It is a creditable production of "A Romance of the Underworld" which the Burbank theater is offering this week, and Burbank audiences are taking to it like a schoolgirl to a Robert Chambers' romance. Paul Armstrong is unexcelled as a writer of better class melodrama, and his "Romance of the Underworld" is one of the best of its kind. For three acts it keeps the audience in a delightful mixture of laughter, tears and nervous excitement—with the fourth act thrown in

mony. With the assistance of his henchmen and his political pull, O'Leary attempts to "railroad" Elliott to the penitentiary for extortion. A young lawyer, ex-newspaper man, becomes interested in the case, because of Doris, and exposes the plot when Leary swears that Elliott "stuck him up" on a sunny day, whereas weather bureau statistics show that it rained torrents. Naturally, this is a situation that brings the audience to its feet, and certainly is the logical conclusion of the play. Forrest Stanley plays Tom



WEDGEWOOD NOWELL, IN "BEN HUR," AT THE MASON

to assure the dear matinee girls that they live happy ever after, and to give the villains a chance to reform. That fourth act is a blot on Mr. Armstrong's escutcheon. It is more like a "sob-sister" story than an appendage to his virile play, and should be deleted as ruthlessly as if it were a rich man's appendix. The story of "A Romance" is well known. Richard Elliott, young park commissioner, has refused to permit Michael O'Leary, contractor, to cheat on his specifications; and Doris Elliott, sister of Richard, has refused to entertain O'Leary's offer of matri-

McDermott as if he were born for the part, but Harry Mestayer runs away with masculine honors in the character role of "Slippery Jake." Interest centers, of course, around the newcomer, Izetta Jewel. Miss Jewel is an alluring little person of piquant charm. Little opportunity is given to judge of her work as Doris Elliott. Perhaps her nervousness over her first appearance is responsible for an obtrusive self-consciousness and an overworking of the "baby" note in her pleasing voice. Grace Travers fairly swept the house by her nonchalant picture of the de-

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bonair Dago Annie. Robert Leonard does a good bit as Durrell, the grafting detective, and there are minor parts of merit. Donald Bowles is well cast as Richard Elliott, but Max Waizman does not get half of the good out of the "fat" part of Martin, the newspaper reporter.

"The Confession" at the Majestic

To be impressive and retain its solemnity as well as its interest, a play based on a religious theme must be handled in a dignified manner by actors who can lend value even to time-worn quotations. James Halleck Reid's play, "The Confession," which is at the Majestic this week, has little to recommend it. Its theme is not new, not even in its handling. Father Bartlett, a parish priest, confesses and absolves a murderer. His own brother Tom is accused of the crime, and the priest's lips are sealed by his office—but, of course, is the end Tom is released by the murderer's confession. Mr. Reid has besprinkled his lines with scriptural quotations which sound forced and bombastic; his pathos is bathos; a river of tears runs through the entire play; the characters all talk like freshly-feathered angels—in fact, so poorly and unconvincingly is the play done—histrionically as well as from a dramatic viewpoint—that it cheapens the thing it attempts to exalt. It is unworthy serious consideration.

Raymond the Magician at Auditorium

As a rule the conjurer is no longer greeted with the enthusiasm once vouchsafed his "black art," but Raymond, the magician who is performing at the Auditorium this week, is unusually clever. The public likes to be fooled, if it is well done, and therefore Raymond's illusions are received with lavish appreciation. He offers all the old-time tricks of the conjurer, but does them so cleverly and with such a wealth of scenic accessories that they become novelties. Girls appear and disappear in the twinkling of an eye; animals and fowls in astonishing num-

bers are produced from space and allowed to wander about the stage; water is changed into wine and back again, and a dozen other feats are skillfully performed. There are traces of vulgarity in the show which Raymond would be wise to eliminate if he wishes his entertainment to be considered first-class.

Entertaining Bill at the Orpheum

This week's Orpheum bill is marked by variety as well as entertaining qualities, with every newcomer coming up to the general standard of excellence. Ethel Green, who is remembered as Billy Gaston's partner mainly, proves that she is worthy of being valued on her own account. She has a number of fetching costume changes, and a wee little ragtime voice, but in a symposium of the old ballads and the new syncopations, she surprises with her full, rich upper tones. She sings prettily and has a winsome little way with her that wins instant popularity. Adrienne Augarde, the English comedienne, strongly reminding in looks of Billie Burke has a clever little sketch "A Matter of Duty," by Mrs. Richard Burton. Miss Augarde is very good to look upon, but her whining little voice and babyish manners grow irksome before the end of her act. "The Boy Next Door," is the acme of absurdity, but George Felix, the funmaker of the turn, is the sort of comedian who can win a laugh with a twist of his tongue. His eccentric dancing and capers are ably assisted by two pretty sisters, both of whom are graceful dancers, and one a coon-shouter of no mean ability. Al Rayno's bull dogs have quite the cleverest trained canine act seen for many a day, and the Royal Marionettes are marvelously well handled. Holdovers are James J. Morton, Nonette, the violiniste who tries to sing and that weirdly unmusical operetta, "California."

Offerings for Next Week

Agitation in the east relative to

grand opera in English is far reaching, and San Francisco and Los Angeles are taking deep interest in the subject. Every large city in America is advocating an opera house and a grand opera organization for the people, and Oscar Hammerstein has offered to erect forty grand opera houses in forty different cities, provided the ground and part of the amount is donated, while he will furnish the company and participate in the profits. Needless to say the European centers of music are watching the controversy with anxious eyes, for the American dollar is a mighty factor in keeping away the much needed deficit. There is talk of having permanent grand opera for San Francisco, with Leahy's new Tivoli organization, and a similar institution at the Auditorium. One result of this movement is that the Lambardi forces will return here for the entire month of January, opening Monday night, Dec. 30. The Lambardis have just experienced a successful trip through the Northwest, and come back with many new people, among them Mme. Regina Vicarino, the noted coloratura soprano—heard here with the Bevani company several seasons ago, and Signor Folco, one of Italy's distinguished tenors. Mmes. Bertossi, Adaberto and Charlebois are the sopranos; Elanche Hamilton Fox, Catarina Desmori and Flora Pineschi, the contraltos; Eugenio Folco, Agostini and Graziana, the tenors; Giovacchini, Nicolletti, Emelio Pineschi and probably Bioni are the baritones; and the basses are Martino and Bonaventura Marco. The orchestra will be under the direction of Signor Bovi, who has not only had experience in Italy, Havana and South America, but has been assistant at the Metropolitan for a number of years. The repertoire for the first week, subject to slight changes, will be: "Aida," Monday, Dec. 30; with Adaberto as Aida and Elanche Hamilton Fox as Amneris; Tuesday, "Lucia," with Vicarino as the heroine; Wednesday afternoon, "Rigoletto;" Wednesday evening, "Faust;" Thursday night, "La Tosca;" Friday night, "Faust;" Saturday matinee, "Lucia," and Saturday night, "Il Trovatore" or "Aida." The return season will bring forth several novelties.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" will be at the Majestic theater Sunday night, opening a week's engagement, with matinees Christmas day and Saturday. "A Butterfly on the Wheel" was one of the successes of New York last season, as well as in New York the year before. It is the story of a foolish little wife, whose husband, the Right Hon. George Adamston, is so interested in politics that he neglects his charming butterfly of a wife. She amuses herself by a flirtation, which, through the trickery of the man, is made to assume a guilty light to the husband. There is a big court scene, in which Adamston is getting a divorce from Peggy, and in which she is helpless before the tangled mass of evidence. She is judged guilty; but the curtain does not fall on an unhappy ending. The entire story is said to be clever and interesting, and the trial scene has become the big feature of the play.

Klaw and Erlanger's spectacular production of "Ben Hur" will be the offering at the Mason Opera House the week beginning Dec. 23. "Ben Hur" was one of the biggest successes of the season when first produced thirteen years ago, and has kept up that reputation ever since. It is elaborately staged, and the producers have not allowed it to become shopworn, but have kept it up to its original grandeur. "Ben Hur" is laid in that period of luxury and extravagance when Caesar Augustus was emperor. Into this display and pomp comes the lowly Nazarene, and the imminence of Christ is treated with reverence—in fact the play is made a religious pageant. The chariot race in the arena of the Circus of Antioch, with Ben Hur and Messala competing for supremacy is a stirring effect, and one which sweeps the audi-

ence off its feet. "Ben Hur" matinees are announced for Christmas Day and Saturday.

Paul Armstrong has a knack of pleasing Los Angeles theatergoers, and his ability in this direction is again demonstrated at the Burbank theater, where his interesting melodrama, "A Romance of the Underworld," promises to be fully as successful as the long run of "The Escape." Mr. Armstrong's work is especially noteworthy in its character drawing, and the Burbank company is giving god assistance to Mr. Armstrong's people. Izetta Jewell, who made her first appearance Sunday afternoon, has already become a favorite with Burbank patrons, and of course Forrest Stanley is enthusiastically received as Tom McDermott. The courtroom scene, the biggest in the play, is one of the most realistic pictures on the stage, being an exact reproduction of a New York police court.

One week from Monday night will mark the opening of the New Morosco theater, when the Morosco stock company will offer the first stock presentation of Winchell Smith's famous comedy success, "The Fortune Hunter." The sale of seats for the opening performance will begin Monday morning at the box office of the theater, and no mail orders will be received.

Lovers of grand opera will find enjoyment in the coming Orpheum program, opening Monday matinee, Dec. 23. The topline position is held by Marion Littlefield's Florentine singers, an octette of real grand opera vocalists, headed by Miss Littlefield, who is an excellent contralto. In solo and ensemble work the organization is said to be delightful. Included in the personnel are Miss Littlefield, Helena Morrill and Helen Alton, sopranos; Florence LeMoyne, contralto; Stefano Pettini and Angelo Liguori, tenors, and Alfred Swinton and Ernest Armour, basses, with Alfredo Zambarano, conductor. Harry Gilfoil, who has been absent from Los Angeles for many seasons, will return in his impersonation of Baron Sands, a New York roue, who tells funny stories. Ed Morton, who is known through his many phonographic records, is a comedian who can sing—a rare combination. The Flying Martins are daring athletes in unusual fetes. The bill will retain Ethel Greene, vaudeville's daintiest comedienne; Adrienne Augarde and her company in "A Matter of Duty," the marionettes of Schichtl, and Rayno's remarkable bull dogs. There will be the usual excellent orchestral concert and the motion views of the world's news.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" will be the attraction Christmas week at the Mozart theater, beginning Monday afternoon, Dec. 23. The best pictures before the world today are from the best books and educational and high class pictures have proved most acceptable to the public. To many people "Pilgrim's Progress" stands next to the Bible, and the moving pictures of it are said to be so well conceived that they carry out the spirit of the book and its best scenes. For the student and school children the pictures will prove educational, presenting the story in a vivid fashion that will add enjoyment to the reading of the book.

Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, will be heard at the Auditorium in recital Tuesday evening, Jan. 7. In his recent appearance in Boston and New York Godowsky has been greeted with tremendous enthusiasm and additional concerts are planned for him everywhere; the forty allotted to America having become eighty.

Unusually appropriate is the offering at the Lyceum theater for holiday week, opening Sunday afternoon. It is "The Night Before Christmas," a pastoral play of the "Blue Jeans" type, telling a story of human interest, with a mixture of comedy and pathos and a large number of thrilling scenes. The chief roles will, of course, be handled

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
03982 Nov. 13, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that John E. Ziehlke, of Calabasas, Cal., who on June 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11375, Serial No. 03982, for NE¼, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Louis Olivera, Posey Horton, William Gleason, Roy Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

by Hirshall Mayall and Maude Leone, while the other parts will require the services of every member of the organization and a score of auxiliary players, and scenically the play promises to be of unusual worth. In addition to the regular Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinee, there will be a special Christmas matinee performance.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
012313 Nov. 21, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that James H. Robert of 1357 W. 38th St., Los Angeles, Cal., on Feb. 4, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 012213, for Lots 2 and 3, Sec. 18, T. 1 S. R. 13 W. & N¼SE¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 2nd day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles H. Haskell, William Morris, Elizabeth C. Heney, all of Newberry Park, Cal., Elias A. Shedoudy, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

Books

Each succeeding book from the pen of Mary Caroline Crawford seems better than the one preceding. Whether because of actual growth in the powers of the writer, or from an increasing sense of friendly intimacy, (for this vivacious author initiates her readers into the most piquant personal gossip that is delightfully human) matters little. It is probably from both causes. Heretofore, Boston has been the center of her most entertaining stories, but this year it is of the "Romantic Days in the Early Republic" that she writes. Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Charleston, Richmond and famous Virginian homes, New Orleans, Boston and a number of other New England cities—to declare any one more interesting than the other would be difficult, if not ridiculously impossible.

Of course, as the center of American political life Washington has its great attractions, and much of the color of the pictures of those early days are due to the racy details of the letters of Abigail Adams, Mrs. Seaton and Mrs. Benjamin W. Crowninshield. Another altogether unique viewpoint is given in the naive travel notes of Brissot de Warville. Washington society in those days was much simpler than at present, but apparently more full of variety and chance for real enjoyment. When Washington and Lady Martha moved into the capitol building it was not yet completed, and so crude did the city remain for a long time that it was not until the famous Dolly Madison became "the first lady of the land" that the government mansion was properly finished and furnished. Many brilliant hostesses soon made Washington a social center despite its slow development, however, Philadelphia, at one time the capital of the nation, has its many traditions, fit subjects for song and story. What more romantic than the story of pretty Margaret Shippen, the dapper Major Andre and Benedict Arnold who won the fair Margaret. Quite like a volume from Dumas' tales of love and intrigue are the annals of the Jumel mansion in New York, which John Jacob Astor bought from the Morris heirs in 1810 and sold to Stephen Jumel. "who sailed a dozen ships and was king of the market until 1812." It was Madame Jumel whom Aaron Burr married in such high-handed fashion: having been refused by that scheming, rich widow, who was his client at law, he drove to her handsome home one day bringing a clergyman, and the lady married him in fear of scandal he might spread. In a New York graveyard is the "tomb" of the ill-starred "Charlotte Temple." And thespian and literary records also are rich in contributions to the pages of New York's early greatness.

One of Baltimore's most fascinating bits of gossip, perennially revived but ever interesting, concerns the Bonaparte romance. Elizabeth Patterson and Captain Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the first consul of the French republic, first met at the Baltimore races, "Elizabeth," it is reported, "looking irresistibly charming in a buff silk dress, a lace fichu, and a leghorn hat with pink tulle trimmings and black plume." After a particularly impetuous and stormy courtship they were married Christmas Eve, 1803; which was only the beginning of a scandalous, but amazingly absorbing

story, international in its interest. Mrs. Washington is found commenting rather scathingly on Madame Bonaparte's mode of dressing, in a letter to Phoebe Morris, dated February 18, 1812. She refers to "this lovely matron's 'sylvic form' so 'thinly veiled as to display all the graces of a Venus de Medicis.'" The madame seems to have scandalized all the good dames of the period. Mrs. Trollope, who was in America in 1829-30 comments with emotional frankness on Baltimore society as well as on many other cities of the period.

Among the romantic stories clustering about Charleston is the sad history of Theodosia Burr, only daughter of Aaron Burr, and somewhat as to their friends, the Blennerhassetts. In early republican days, too, it is said the favorite amusement of Richmond was loo, "and it is sad to add that the Richmond ladies played it to excess." However, they were most charming and beautiful dames despite their uncertain high wooden-heeled shoes and gambling propensities. Washington Irving leaves most entertaining letters concerning Richmond social life, but the deepest sympathy and interest centers about the tragic burning of the Richmond theater.

Here a polished, refined, sociable, pleasure-loving community was gathered from the different counties because, from time immemorial, the wealth and fashion and beauty of Virginia had assembled at the capital, particularly at the time of the sessions of the General Assembly. * * * On that fatal night (December 26, 1811) the benefit of an admired actor enlisted the feelings of the community. Mr. Smith, governor of the state, Venable, president of the bank of Virginia, Botts, an eminent lawyer, members of the assembly, matronly ladies, fascinating belles, blooming girls, officers of the army and navy, men and youth from the city and country, were collected in one splendid group, such as a theater seldom sees. Alas! that such a gathering should be for death, a most terrible death! * * * Seventy-two individuals, the flower of Richmond and the state, perished in this fire and since none of the bereaved could recognize their own dead, a common burial was held. The whole city was in mourning.

And this fire recalls glorious memories of beautiful women and brave men who had shone in social and dramatic circles of the city, among them Poe's mother. New Orleans, although not really a part of the early republic, is full of alluring charm. "Of romance there was enough inherent in and growing out of the early vicissitudes of New Orleans to fill many books" the size of Mrs. Crawford's present volume. A turbulent history indeed had New Orleans! "Now France, now Spain, now the French republic and now the Americans had dominion, the Creoles were told, over them." It is a great temptation, well-nigh irresistible, to linger over these choice bits of romance so attractively retold. ("Romantic Days of the Early Republic." By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown & Co.)

Folk Tales of the Swallow

There is a sad little story connected with "The Swallow Book," of Dr. Giuseppe Pitre, which Ada Walker Camehl has rendered into English for American boys and girls. The book was to have been dedicated to Dr. Pitre's daughter; but in the Messina earthquake his faithful helper was killed and "now that your dear mother and father live in you," says the fond grandfather in dedication to Giuseppina d'Alia Pitre. "I offer this book in your name, sweet Giuseppina, as an augury of bright days for you—our happiness and our care." It is a pretty little collection, chosen from the legends in the

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folk literature of nearly every country in the world: "from icy Lapland in the north to torrid Africa in the south, from eastern Siberia to the prairie lands of our own west." As Dr. Pitre, by reason of his research along these lines was given a folklore chair in the University of Palermo, an honor created by the Italian government especially for the professor, it is not surprising that this little volume should be a veritable treasure box of the most beautiful and daintily poetical stories for the little ones. It will cultivate a love, not only for these good-omened messengers of springtime gladness and joy, but for all bird-life. ("The Swallow Book." By Dr. Giuseppe Pitre. Rendered into English and arranged for our boys and girls by Ada Walker Camehl. American Book Co.)

"The Complete Optimist"

Childe Harold—the humorist, not the poem—is more or less familiar to magazine readers through the occasional cropping up of his queer little animals. When Childe Harold is not creating these genuine contributions to the joy of living, his name is Edward Salisbury Field, and he is of especial interest in Los Angeles at this time as the author of the comedy, "Wedding Bells," which has basked in the sunlight of the Morosco favor. Twenty-two of the pilgrimages of Childe Harold into the realm of the ridiculous have been done into a little book which glories in the title, "The Complete Optimist." The pictures and the text are usually as indivisible as the ultimate atom, but the propriety of the title may be judged from this sample:

Little Waldo, trying hard,
Swallowed almost every card.
"What a boy!" said Mrs. Dix.
"Isn't he just full of tricks?"

It is a little remindingful of Col. D. Streamer's "Ruthless Rymes for Heartless Homes," though the tendency is seldom so sanguinary. ("The Complete Optimist," by Childe Harold. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Birds' Convention in Arroyo Seco

Have you read the report of "The Birds' Convention?" Or were you aware they held one in the Arroyo Seco recently? Although Harriet Williams Myers, secretary of the California Audubon society and prominent club-woman in Los Angeles, was not present in person at this notable gathering she evidently has it from her firm bird friends, for she has written a most entertaining and lively account of it. Not only that, she has just scores of the most remarkable and adorable pictures of the feathered delegates and their families, taken by herself, apparently, many in charmingly informal poses, with which she has brightened her pages; and on the last day of the convention she was serenaded by a picked chorus of the best singers present. Mr. Harris Mockingbird (Harris from the name of the human family in whose yard he lived) presided over this first annual convention of the

birds, and delegates came from all over country. There were thrushes, linnets, larks, blackbirds, humming birds, phainopeplas and the best representatives of birddom. The program included, besides the customary business and picnic luncheons of worms, and bugs, and berries, discussions of such topics of interest to birds and bird-lovers as the "Difficulties of Nest Building," bringing out the methods of different kinds of birds in this regard; "Trials of Young Mothers," a few of these being cats, boys, snakes and impetuous youngsters who cannot be kept in the nest; of bird menus, concerning the "Audubon Society," which works for the bird interests among the human family and most interesting of all, a general experience meeting. Mrs. Myers' truly wonderful use of scientific bird facts, together with what is palpably personal observation, has produced a real classic. It is a book all the "kiddies" should know and love; and it will profit the older children, who are a little gray, to read as well—a dainty and really lovely holiday gift thought. ("The Birds' Convention." By Harriet Williams Myers. Western Pub. Co., Los Angeles.)

"Kismet"

"Kismet," Edward Knoblauch's Oriental drama in which Otis Skinner starred for an entire season in New York, has been published in its original acting version. The first requisite to enjoyment of the book is the faculty of visualizing brief stage directions. Without this it were better not to attempt the book at all. "Kismet" was primarily a stage spectacle and not a story. It has a dramatic core, it is true, but it is a tale that could have been told in a few moments of swift, pulsating action. In other words, the situations are made to order, and do not require development. Hajj, a professional beggar, is the central figure and the principal motive is his passion for revenge upon a man who had robbed him of his wife many years before, and upon another who sought to make his daughter a harem slave, the latter man proving to be the son of the former so that the vengeance is double, and the kismet, or fate of the little circle achieved. Running parallel with this is the love story of the caliph, who seeks adventure in disguise, and falls in love with Hajj's daughter. In itself this would hardly warrant giving the play a place on the stage, to say nothing of justifying its publication. As it is, however, it is a series of highly colored Oriental pictures, but cannot be placed in the category of dramatic literature. All the glory of the cast is suggested, with its extravagant poetry, and flashily artistic fabrics. The atmosphere is almost narcotized with the sensuousness of it all, so that the occasional bits of action seem unduly violent and intrusive. Drama it is not—it might better be called "Seeing Bagdad by Motion Picture." ("Kismet" by Edward Knoblauch, George H. Doran Co.)

Gossip of Automobile Row

Makes Dough for the Company—O. B. Henderson, sales manager of the Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Cleveland, Ohio, is expected to come to the coast at an early date. He left the factory last month on his annual tour to visit the dealers and will pass much of his time on the Pacific slope. He is in charge of the sales in both the truck and pleasure car departments and plans to make 1913 a banner year for the Baker company.

Reducing San Diego Time—Motorists who are fond of long-distance touring will be pleased to hear that the plan to build a short line automobile highway the full length of Orange county from Bay City to San Juan Capistrano has assumed definite shape. Work will begin at once from the Capistrano and Bay City terminals and will be continued until the two forces of roadmakers meet. The survey is entirely completed. This road will form an important link in the route to San Diego and will reduce the

running time between Los Angeles and the southern port materially. Four hours will be ample time for the trip when this projected road is completed. Among the cities it will touch are Bay City, Sunset Beach, Huntington Beach, Newport, East Newport, West Newport, Balboa, Corona del Mar, Laguna Beach, Arch Beach and Capistrano.

He Will Come Again—Earle C. Anthony, the well known local auto man, has been entertaining recently Percy Owen, sales manager of the Chalmers Motor Car Company, who has been in Los Angeles looking over the local automobile situation. This was Owen's first visit to the coast and he was rather surprised in many ways, especially to find such a motoring center here. While in California Owen will pass much time touring the country. His next stop is to be at San Francisco.

How They "Came Across"—Latest in the transcontinental achievements is the Stoddard-Dayton car which was

driven here from Milwaukee, without an adjustment of any sort, by Rasmus Jensen. He was accompanied by Otto L. Nick. Jensen, who is the inventor of a new type of carburetor, will make his home in this city. Eight states were crossed and 3313 miles covered on the long run. Three times the party was snowbound. They were almost washed away in two rainstorms. They left "the city Schlitz made famous" August 17, and made a leisurely journey across the Rockies.

Team Work of Jack and Jay—Jack Griffin, the astute Studebaker press representative, combined forces with Jay Barnes, John Blackwood's man Friday in the Morosco publicity department, last week, with the result that a long article appeared in the Sunday Times Pink telling how much Miss Izetta Jewell, the new leading woman of the Burbank theater, enjoyed driving a Studebaker car and how she intends to go after the world's record for women drivers as soon as the chance is given her. Good stuff for the combination and for the Studebaker people. Both Jack and Jay are first class promoters of publicity.

Appointment Is O. K.—Volney S.

Beardsley, president and general manager of the California Automobile Company, has returned from his recent trip to San Diego, where he went to attend the opening of the new factory branch of the Columbus Buggy Company there. O. K. White, who formerly worked with Beardsley here, is to be in charge in the southern city. Columbus electrics and Firestone-Columbus motor cars will be sold there. The San Diego branch is the second started within a few months, the first being at Pasadena. The citrus belt cities are next on the list for invasion.

But What a Scent!—Even the motor trucks are trying for records between Los Angeles and San Diego. First it was tried by the gasoline touring cars, then the electric vehicles made the trip, and last, but in no wise least, was the run made by a Moreland motor truck. Carrying ten barrels of oil on a rush order for the Standard Oil Company of this city, the truck covered the distance in eleven hours and seventeen minutes. Only \$1.43 worth of gasoline was used for the trip of more than 136 miles, making the cost slightly more than one cent a mile. The run was made at night.

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Stocks & Bonds

Bank stocks have been the leaders of the week's trading on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, with several of the popular issues registering a substantial market gain since the last report. Central National, F. & M. National, Security Trust & Savings, and National Bank of Commerce are selling at from \$5 to \$10 more today than the prices bid one week ago. And while dividend payments due in the next few days are partially responsible, the real reasons for the bulge in all of these shares is the early amalgamation with smaller concerns of several of the institutions mentioned, and others reported anxious to be similarly treated. California Savings, First National and Citizens National are firm, with indications for higher prices all along the line early in the new year.

Among the major oils the Stewarts are ruling easier, with prices always ready to slump at the slightest signs of stock coming to the surface. Union is around 90 and Union Provident has been swinging between 105 and 101 all the week. United Petroleum is marking time for the present. Doheny Mexicans are soft, due to a capital increase of \$10,000,000, funds needed for the retirement of certain pipe line certificates, which in the past have been a bonanza for shareholders. Mexican Common has lost better than 20 points since its recent New York high of more than 90. Mexican Preferred hangs around par, with indications of a killing in the stock one of these days.

Doheny Americans are slipping the wrong way, with little activity. The money trust inquiry in progress in Washington undoubtedly has been a menace to these shares all week. Associated, after slipping to 41, has recovered better than two and a half points. Stock has been liquidated in big blocks in the San Francisco market, and evidently the end is not yet. Amalgamated is weak and should be a buy at present prices.

There is little doing in the Santa Maria list, with the exception of Rice Ranch, which is strong at about 130, due to reported sale of the property, upon which an option was finally given this week in the face of a recent official circular issued by the directors insisting that no such step was possible unless there was a cash payment advanced for the privilege. No such payment has been made.

All of the lesser petroleum are weak, with California Midway possibly ready for another 5-cent assessment, and with National Pacific 1 cent due and delinquent in about ten days.

In the industrial list something appears to be in sight for Los Angeles Home Preferred and United States Long Distance. Both issues act as if they might be a purchase, with impressive inside orders in the market for each. The Edisons are again easier and under par. The Common as well as the Preferred were tilted to 103 recently upon big New York orders.

Bonds are not active, although a few of the oiler 5s at times may be marketed.

There is nothing worth while in sight for the mining list, but the market acts at times as if there might be a real movement in that direction.

There should be considerable investment money available early in the new year. There was recently sold a

Los Angeles Stock Exchange seat for \$855, as against \$1500, the price brought about a year ago and as against \$2900, the purchase equivalent recorded early in 1910.

Banks and Banking

Globe Savings Bank has increased its capital stock from \$300,000 to \$500,000, the price of new stock being \$160 a share. Old stockholders are given the privilege of subscribing for two shares of new stock for every share of old stock.

National City Bank of San Diego County opened its doors Monday morning, with a capital stock of \$25,000.

Clearings in Los Angeles for the week ending Jan. 14 amounted to \$27,433,045.16.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Santa Monica is to take steps to secure the water systems of that city, and cost is now being determined. It may be that taxpayers will be called upon to vote bonds for \$500,000 to establish a municipal water system of the first class.

Failures to sell the Venice school bonds of \$92,000 has resulted in the drafting of an ordinance making it legal for the board of supervisors to use the county's money to purchase school bonds of cities in this county.

Riverside will vote Jan. 14 on the question of incurring bonded indebtedness of \$1,160,000 for improving and acquiring domestic and irrigating water systems. The bonds are to be of \$1000 each, bearing 4½%.

Sealed bids will be received up to 8 p. m. Jan. 14 by the board of trustees, Covina, for the \$15,500 sewer bonds of \$500 each, bearing 5 per cent interest, payable semi-annually. Certified check of 5 per cent required.

Planada is to have a new school building, a \$4000 issue having been voted.

Pioneer Drainage District, Chino, Cal., will vote Jan. 3 on an issue of \$12,000 for constructing conduits, drains, etc., for the benefit of lands in that district.

Election will be held Jan. 10 at Fallbrook on the question of issuing school bonds for \$20,000.

Sierra Madre desires to complete payment for the Baldwin water interest, and will vote Jan. 14 on an issue of \$20,000 for that purpose.

Glendora is voting today on a bonded indebtedness of \$45,000 for municipal improvements.

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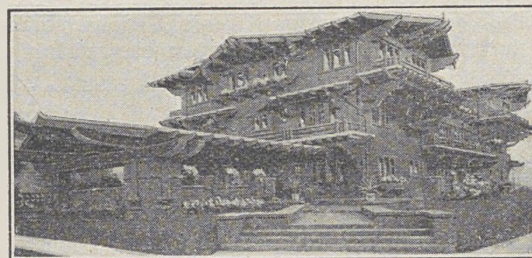
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